

HUSTLER

FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

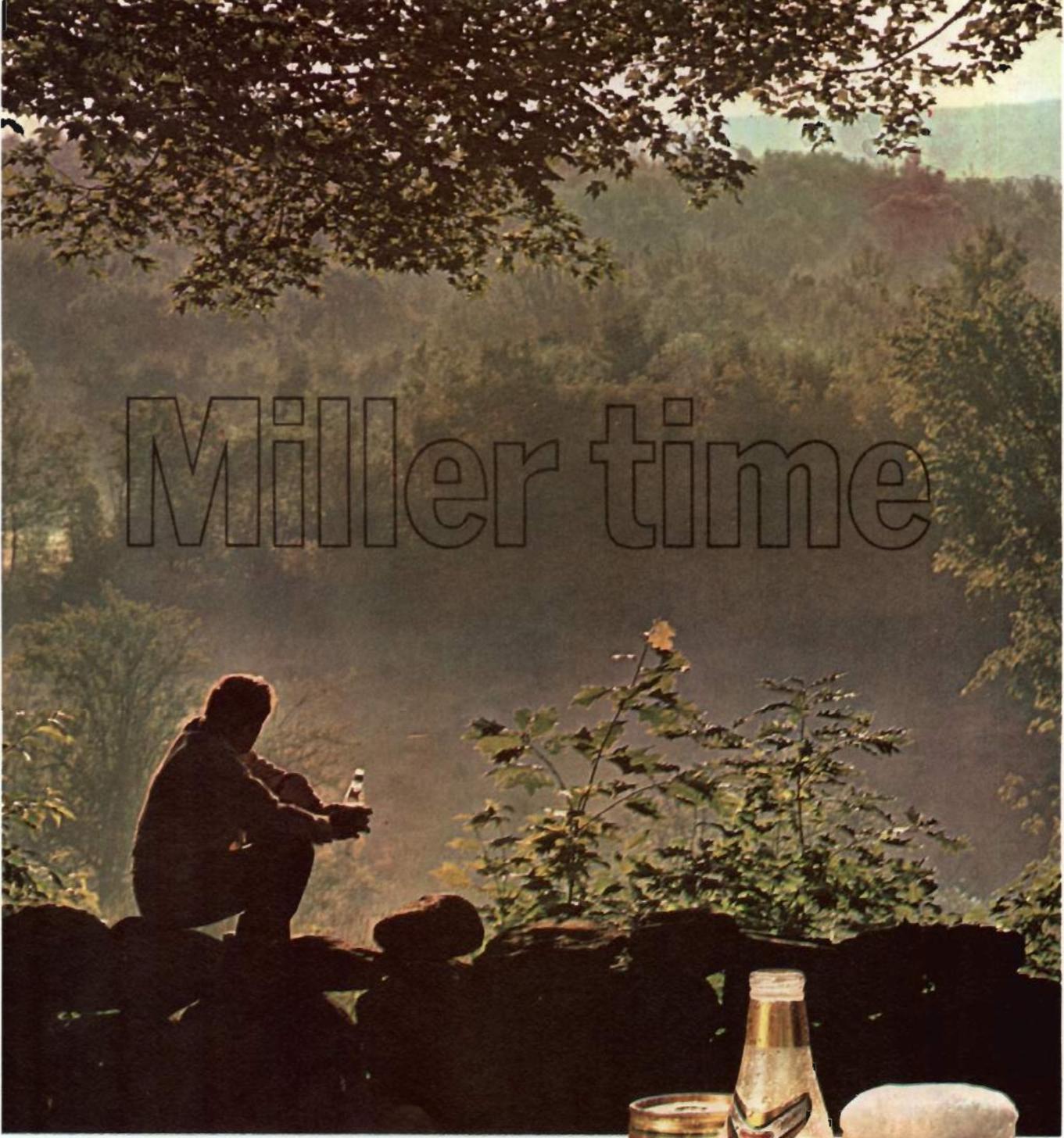
MARCH 1975 \$1.50

INTERVIEW:
PORN PRODUCER
JERRY DAMIANO

PROFILE:
DICK DROST
AND HIS NAKED CITY

PLUS:
UNUSUAL
CENTERFOLD





Miller time

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we've got the beer.



HUSTLER

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ADVISE & CONSENT

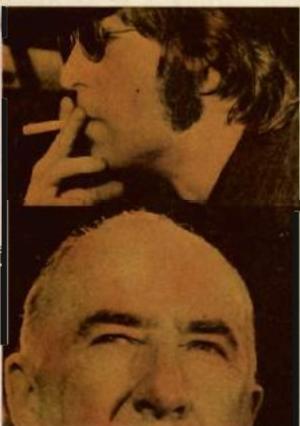
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1975



SHOW & TELL

JAMES MARTIN

A free lance writer who turns talking to celebrities into hard cash. Author of HUSTLER's interview with "explicit" sex king Gerald Damiano, he has built a successful practice which includes several hundred published interviews, film reviews and a contribution to an episode of TV's "Medical Center." The University of Wisconsin graduate has edited his own magazine and is currently on the Board of Directors for the Chicago International Film Festival.

TOM FOSTER

Writing is not this man's profession, but he took the time to write his experiences to HUSTLER's new "Erotic Forum." It was his view, that most men have unusual facts and fantasies regarding their sex lives, that prompted our establishing this feature for readers' participation.

ROSS KLVAN

The author of "Some New Faces in the Oldest Profession" performed the background work for this article on the streets of New York City and found that talking cost

almost as much as the more intimate services offered by the "girls." The former newsman received numerous threats that if he were a cop he'd "get cut!" Others asked frequently, "How're things at the precinct?" and clammed up.

ELLIS BARTLETT

Having taught high school English for a dozen years, the author of "The Surrogate" recently decided to give it up in order to become a free lance writer and proprietor of an antique pattern glass shop on Long Island. He had written occasionally in the past, but over the last year has bent to the task and shows a good record of acceptances as a result.

JOHN R. HANDCOCK

Is a frequent visitor to nudist camps both as writer and practitioner. After previously being employed as a steelworker, cab driver and newsreel cameraman, he turned to writing several years ago and has sold many articles such as his HUSTLER profile on Dick Drost of Naked City. He says such forays to nudist colonies "turn strong men into little boys. It's a whole new world."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I think what I like best about HUSTLER is that you don't cram it full of phony stuff that an average man can't relate to. Girls are another thing, though. Almost all men can associate with a naked woman inviting us to exercise our imagination with her body. An occasional sports feature would also be nice — something that Mr. Average can either compete in or afford to watch.

Frank Smaltz
Tampa, Fla.

Just a short letter to comment on your girl pictures. I really enjoy it when a girl is looking directly at me (at the camera). It gives me a pleasant one-to-one feeling as though she and I are intimate friends. I also notice that most magazines stick to women in their late teens or early twenties. How about occasionally featuring a woman in her 30s or 40s? There are some really attractive ones around. Young women are nice to look at, but so are older ones and they seem to add personality as they age. Perhaps you can capture that on film.

Neville Hamilton
Dallas, Tx.

(We have plans to do a feature or two on older women, but very few are willing to pose for the kind of pictures we want. We'll keep on trying however, to please you and many other readers who have made the same request.)

I have been a regular buyer of HUSTLER since November and now have added the first four issues with your back issue ad. I can't tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. You have Playboy and Penthouse licked all the way.

Cody Luikadear
Church Point, La.

(We think so, too!)

After seeing and buying HUSTLER, I was impressed by its simplicity, candid and open-minded approach, that I had to subscribe. Keep those girls coming.

J. G. Long
Prince Albert, Sask.
Canada

I was very pleased to see your boy-girl article "Cathy and Joe" (November issue), and would like to see more of the same type of features. There's really a lot that can be done with this type of subject and you seem to be the only magazine willing to take it that far.

Bob Brennan
Tulsa, Ok.

(Since boy-girl photos are what many of us like, next to girls only, you can be sure that we'll be on the lookout for other such openings. We feel we've improved with every issue and don't plan to stop now.)



Thank you for publishing HUSTLER. It is my opinion that you are rapidly becoming the best men's magazine on the market. My wife and I both enjoy it and look forward to each issue. We'd like to see a few more guy-girl features showing the exposed genitalia of both, but don't lose sight of the fact that you're a men's magazine. And thanks for letting us have the chance to express our opinions with your Reader's Survey.

Name Withheld By Request
New York, N.Y.

Your article on "The Milhouse Awards" (November issue) was hilarious, unlike most things associated with the Nixon Administration. Although girls are the main thing I want when I buy a men's magazine, I also like good stories. And it's "perfectly clear" that HUSTLER knows what men want to see.

Ron Thompson
Phoenix, Az.

I am 73 years old, single now after more than 30 years of marriage, and an admitted pornography lover. I recently found HUSTLER on the newsstand and think it's simply great. It makes even a fella' my age wish to explore a nice sexy cunt once more.

Name Withheld by Request
Ocean Grove, N.J.

I have thoroughly enjoyed reading HUSTLER. It is really a "together" magazine. Even though I am a woman (professional nurse), I like looking at the beautiful female models. Perhaps you may have some lesbian scenes in future issues or a man and woman making love. Both are turn-ons to men and women. I have read Penthouse and Viva, but HUSTLER is really unusually good.

Name Withheld by Request
Philadelphia, Pa.

Thank you, HUSTLER, for being the most dependable men's magazine available. All the other (mis)leading men's magazines may have one or two good issues a year, but the process of finding it means a lot of wasted time and money. Because of HUSTLER'S constant quality, I buy with confidence without having to inspect it first. Your two top competitors seem to be preoccupied with a never-ending obsession to camouflage the female genitals with add-on pubic hair and shadows. You have made great progress in eliminating out-of-focus cameras, painted-on pubic hair and imposed shadows in your fine photography. Keep up the good work.

William M. Holub
Cedar Rapids, La.

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*12 month increase in value of collectors items auctioned in 1972.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I've heard that male hormones can affect a woman's sex life. My question is which way: do they make women horny or frigid?

Dale Bowman
Sioux City, Ia.

Male hormones can intensify the sex drive of a woman. And, interestingly enough, female hormones tend to diminish the sex drive of a man.

In my office there is this lady accountant who has a reputation of being a real ogre. Honestly, it used to be that not a day would go by without Elsie finding something to complain about to us girls. But notice I say "It used to be." Suddenly she changed—and this is what I'm writing about.

Last Monday Elsie came into the office all smiles. And she left the office all smiles, I might add. There has not been one outburst from that woman since. Well, the girls and I thought that Elsie's new self might be a result of her getting involved in some Eastern spiritual thing. Then, one of the girls got her to tell all, so to speak. It turns out that Elsie has gotten hold of something called "Chinese Bells." From what I understand, these bells are inserted into the vagina for sensual arousal—thus Elsie's glowing aura. Have you heard of this sexual gadget? Or is my girlfriend pulling my leg?

Bette Davenport
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Chinese Bells do exist and there may well be a set of them inside Elsie. This device comes in several forms. We have heard of a sex shop in Paris that is marketing Ping-Pong ball-like objects for sexual stimulation. The

balls are filled with mercury, which causes them to roll gently back and forth inside the vagina.

The more traditional form of Chinese Bells has been handed down to us from ancient times. It consists of three balls—one ivory, one filled with mercury and one steel.

I am writing to let your readers know about a highly unusual form of sexual stimulation—at least I find it so. High-colonic irrigations and barium enemas. I have been going periodically to a cancer detection clinic for two years now, and—well, what can I say? I leave it all warm and mushy from head to toe.

For those readers who are unfamiliar with the process: I kneel on this table with my legs spread wide apart. The doctor (who happens to be quite handsome—big brown eyes, hairy arms and throat) gently lubricates my anus inside and out. Then, he inserts a flexible rubber tube very, very slowly. Soon I feel the warm liquid flowing through my insides and my abdomen distending to twice its normal size. At this point, my vaginal muscles are flagellating to near orgasm.

I have had as many as six high-colonic irrigations before receiving the final barium enema and I can only say that six is not enough—from my very unprofessional viewpoint. I leave the clinic and my doctor each time in eager anticipation of my next appointment. I can say that the clinic is responsible for improving my sex life, and my husband's as well. Before my first experience at the clinic I would not even try anal intercourse. Now, sex for me would not exist without it.

Name withheld by Request
Eugene, Ore.

What more can we say?

I've been seeing this guy quite regularly for about two months now. We have a fantastic time in bed, so sexual frustration is not my problem. Maybe I don't have a problem, I don't know.

It's just that Bob has this habit that is beginning to get on my nerves. Whenever we're in bed relaxing from having just made love, Bob gets on the phone and starts calling his friends. Often he'll want me to talk with these guys when all I want to do is talk with Bob.

At first I thought that all these phone calls were just a sign that he was a popular and well-liked guy, and that he wanted me to share his friends with him. Now, I'm beginning to wonder. Do you think that it is a sign that he doesn't really like me? That he is just using me and then avoiding me?

S. K.
New York, N. Y.

Some psychologists believe that this kind of behavior is indicative of homosexual tendencies. Through association, your lover is vicariously experiencing sex with his friends. However, theory does not always provide solutions to practical problems. If we understand your situation, your problem is that Bob is avoiding an important dimension in your relationship—your feelings. The next time you're in bed and he reaches for the phone, you might say something like, "Not just now, Bob. I want to be alone with you." If he laughs at or ignores your request, chances are he's running from you. If this is the case, your best bet will be to start looking around for a man who's not so afraid of close relationships.

My wife and I have been married six years and sex has become dull. Looking at the sexy pictures in HUSTLER sure turns me on. I've got this crazy idea that if I can look at the pictures while my wife and I are fucking, it'd perk me up and maybe her, too. But I'm afraid if I suggest it; she'll get insulted and think I'm perverted.

T. R. Baker
Boise, Idaho

There's nothing at all perverted about your idea. Since most men originally get into sex by masturbating while looking at sexy pictures, it's only



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ADVISE & CONSENT

natural to want to carry it over into your regular sex life, if you think it would perk things up. Explain to your wife that it would be a harmless way of enjoying some exciting variety without having to actually go to other women.

Some women might get uptight about this, of course, since they may take it personally and wonder why they're inadequate. On the other hand, you'd be surprised how many women get aroused at the thought of their husbands being turned on by other women. It makes them feel like they're married to a virile sexy man. For all you know, it may excite her more than you. And if you want to make sure things are equal, tell her she can look at pictures of naked men out of some of the bold women's magazines. That might assure her of going for your idea.

I have a problem which is about to wreck my life. I am 28 years old and I have never been able to come inside a woman. I get an erection alright, but that is all. The only way I can come is when I do it to myself. I have always been shy, and I have never dated

much. I have had intercourse with two girls. With both of them I have faked having a climax. The first girl was about six years ago, and we went to bed a couple of times. When I couldn't do it (even though she didn't realize it), I stopped seeing her. The second girl is the one I am going with now and we are engaged to be married. So far, I think I have been able to keep her from finding out about my problem. I pretend to come, then wait until she leaves or goes to sleep to bring myself off. However, I am afraid that as we get more intimate, she will realize that something is wrong and won't want to be married to me. I haven't been able to talk to anybody about this problem. Can you suggest something?

Name Withheld by Request
Austin, Tx.

Don't feel that you are alone in having this difficulty. It is not unusual for men to have retarded ejaculation. They become sexually excited, have normal erections, but cannot climax intravaginally — inside the female's body. It can be a long-standing condi-

tion or a temporary problem. Some men have short-term difficulties as the aftermath of an emotional situation that ended unhappily for them. An example is the case of a married man who fell in love with another woman and left his wife and children to live with her. After a time, the woman left him. Then he began to have trouble ejaculating. A satisfying remarriage to a third woman helped solve his problem.

Usually a man who has retarded ejaculation realizes that his mind begins to wander during the period that should be just before his climax. He thinks of something other than sex, or he begins to worry about whether he will be able to ejaculate. In any case, he is distracted from the feelings and sensations he should be paying attention to. Gradually he loses interest in completing the sex act with that woman. In the meantime, if she is an experienced woman, she has her orgasm. He takes his, and usually loses his erection. He ends up with a limp penis and she often doesn't catch on to what has happened. Sometimes a psychoanalyst can help, but this is usually a long process. More to the point is therapy at a sex clinic. A sex therapist will try to replace the unsatisfactory behavior pattern with a satisfactory one.

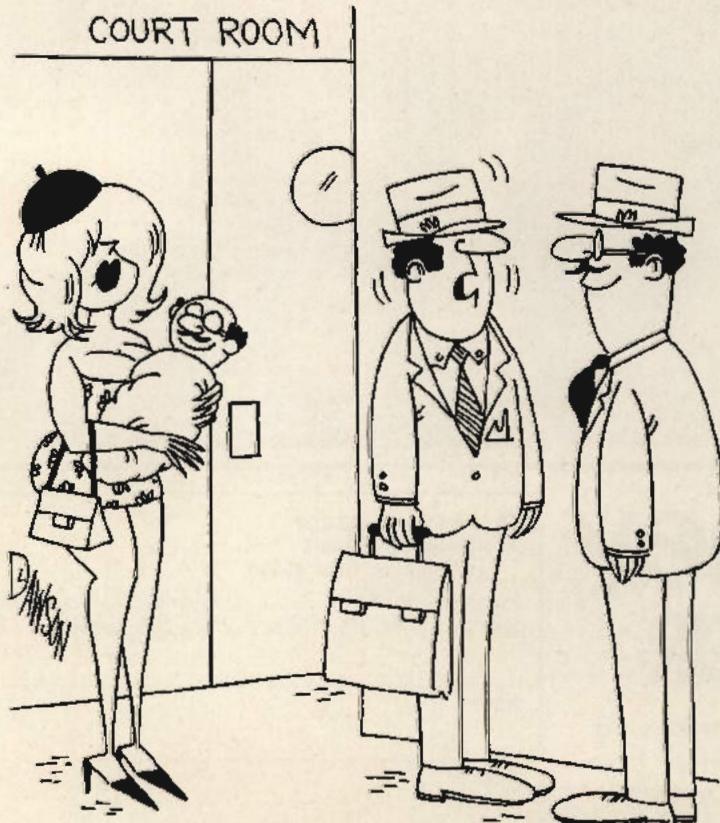
If you go to a sex clinic, the therapist might ask you what kind of erotic fantasies you have when you masturbate, then suggest that you think of those things when you have sex with a woman. After you have begun having orgasms with a woman, the therapist will help you establish a healthy pattern. On the other hand, some people find that fantasizing keeps them from totally experiencing the lovemaking that is actually happening. Concentration is the name of the game for these people.

You know better than anyone else what turns you on. If you need your partner to help you, you can probably get her to do so without going into detail about your problem.

Don't you think that with all this sexual liberation it is harder for couples to stay together today than it was, say, fifty years ago?

William Pine
Chicago, Ill.

True and lasting togetherness has always been hard to come by. 



"I'll fight this Paternity Suit for you, Mr. Borelli, but quite frankly I suggest you settle with her right now."

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



LARRY FLYNT
Hustler Publisher

NO ONE MADE YOU READ THIS MAGAZINE

You have chosen to do so because it is your right as provided you by the Constitution of the United States; a right so basic that it is taken for granted by millions of Americans every day. But today, as in the past, there are certain people in society who feel that they have the "right" to determine what you may or may not read or see. They say that this censorship is necessary in order to protect our youth and to maintain a high standard of morality in our society. What a myth! While they lie, cheat, start unholy wars and permit violence to invade our everyday lives, they place full blame on our "decaying morals," with sexual permissiveness leading the list.

It is a known fact that sex is the strongest of all human emotions. Bearing this in mind, I think it would seem obvious that as the full knowledge of sex is suppressed, the less people will understand it and greater will be their frustration.

What then should we do? Flood our youth with pornography? No! But we must educate them in such a manner that when they reach the age of sexual awareness, they are not shocked, frightened, or ashamed of sexual expressions. And believe me, brother, this education should start in the home — long before they become aware of the existence of this magazine on the newsstand.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

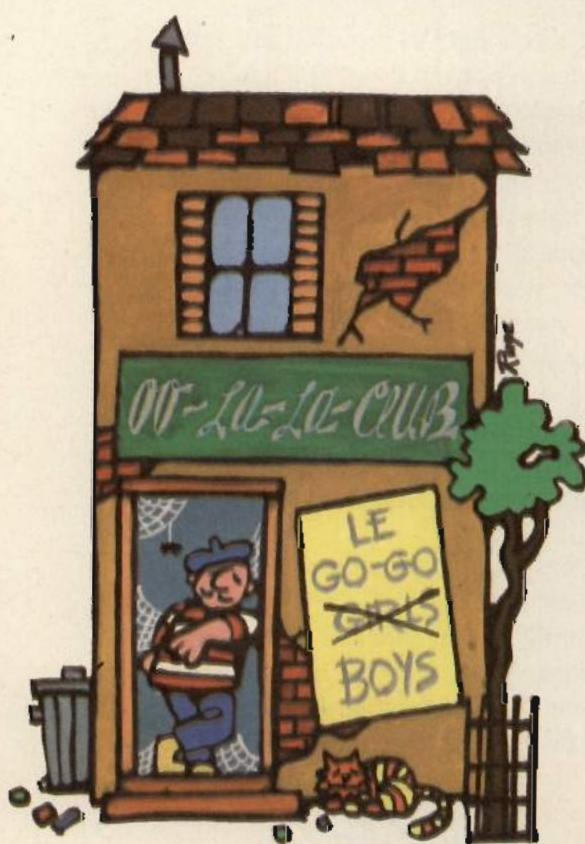
BITS & PIECES

IS PARIS BURNING?

Paris, that one-time famous city of frivolity and gaiety, is turning into a capital of boredom and dowdiness.

The reason is that the sexiness of the city is gone — gone to Holland, Denmark, West Germany and London.

The "hot spots," along the Rue des Martyrs or the Left Bank, are as vacant as an amusement park on a rainy Sunday afternoon and cafe owners complain that Parisian laws are so strict they're driving tourists to other capital cities.

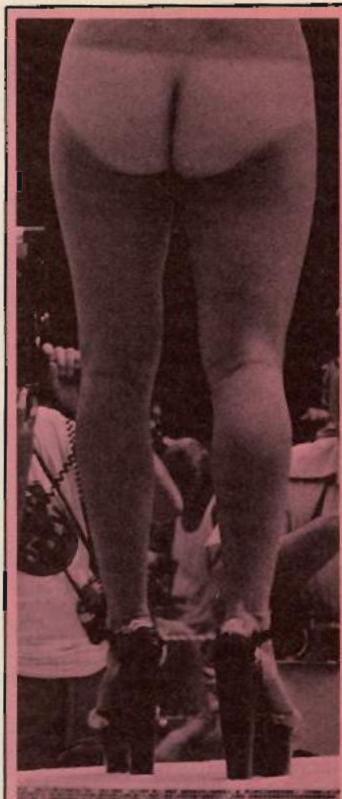


One Paris shop owner stated that all of the best sex shows are legal in other countries and forbidden in France, and even the sex stores don't draw the crowds they had at one time.

Strip clubs abound, but most tourists feel that they can see the same thing for free any afternoon at most of the French beaches.

Even the latest attempt to lure customers with an all-male chorus only worked for a few weeks and when tourists started yelling "take it off," the men held on to their jock straps and quit.

What ever happened to gay Paree?



PLATFORM PERILS

Those clunky, high-rise shoes that lift you off the ground by as much as 3 to 8 inches could be your downfall if you're not careful. Doctors are reporting staggering numbers of cases where women have sprained ankles, fractured bones and scraped knees as they grappled to keep from falling from the modish footwear.

Physicians and podiatrists say the rigid platform-style shoes throw the body off balance and interfere with the normal pattern of walking. Wearers lose mobility and speed.

Even more dangerous is wearing the shoes while biking or driving because the thick high heels often get hung up on pedals.

If the style is more important than safety, which it apparently is, about all you can do to protect yourself is walk slowly because most falls come when the high-heel wearer is in a hurry. If you are going to be sexy, don't be clumsy.

MADAM COUNCILOR

Once again California leads the way as only it could, this time in electing a former brothel owner to the Sausalito City Council.

Well known for running one of the most popular brothels west of the Rockies during the 1930s and 1940s, Miss Sally Stanford, now 71, said she ran for office because of a four-year-long run-around she had received in an attempt to obtain a permit for her restaurant business. Seven times in the running for the council and fourteen years later, she has finally made it. Along with her new position, she also finds time to work with Little Leaguers, supply band instruments to the high school and fight for pay raises for police.

She still has her very plush restaurant in the Valhalla on the Sausalito waterfront.

It's interesting to note that another Madam is running in Nevada, for a seat in the Nevada State Assembly. Miss Beverly Harrell is an attractive lady of 45 and owner and operator of the Cottontail Ranch, one of about 20 legal brothels in Nevada. She says she is proud of her business and claims it is one of the few these days to be running in the black.

Could it be this is a step toward more honest government?

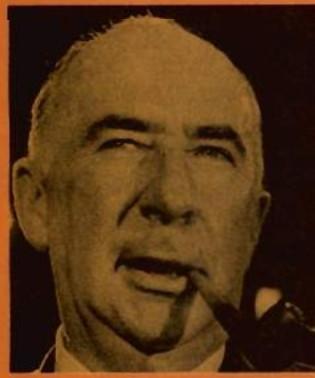


THE "JOHNS" AT ODDS

A couple of "Johns" cropped up in the news recently and the flushing of one just might be the salvation of the other.

John Mitchell, former U.S. Attorney General, and John Lennon, former member of the Beatles, don't appear to have enough in common to precipitate a feud, but appearances aren't always what they seem.

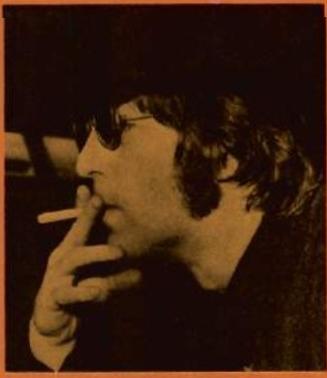
Lennon, a very politically outspoken person, was about to be deported from the U.S. because of an old marijuana bust in England before being befriended by the American Civil Liberties Union. Since then, some research has turned up evidence that might prove embarrassing to the Watergate-harassed Mitchell. Several sworn statements imply that the Immigration Service was in the process of dropping the charges in 1972



when Mitchell became incensed over the antiwar outbursts of Lennon. Although Mitchell had no authority in the deportation matter, a State Department problem, he apparently harbored enough clout to put the heat back on the entertainer. (It's "perfectly clear" that proper channels were often bypassed during the Nixon presidency).

If Lennon can make the Mitchell tie-in stand up, his immigration troubles will be solved since he has passed all other qualifications for citizenship. But the outcome is being delayed by a federal court issuance of a temporary injunction which states that to continue the investigation at this time might adversely affect Mitchell's Watergate trial.

At any rate, when the trial is over and the Lennon matter decided, then perhaps we'll have heard the last of Watergate. But don't count on it!



GOOSE OR GANDER?

"What's good for the goose is good for the gander" as the saying goes and in Santa Cruz, California, the saying will apparently hold for beachwear.

A board of supervisors there met recently and eliminated a law requiring women to wear tops while swimming. "We decided that if women had to keep tops on at the beach," said

one enlightened supervisor, "so did men."

Consequently, in Santa Cruz, sun-worshippers can toast themselves to a golden brown, topless or braless.

At Cocoa Beach, Florida, however, the city fathers postponed voting on an ordinance that would legalize topless suits for the girls. The city council will come back from vacation and make its decision at a later date. Hopefully their decision will be similar to that of the Californians.

BITS & PIECES



A SHAVE TO BEAT ALL

A museum guard, on his nightly walks around a museum filled with naked statues, recently found out that touching the smooth crotches of the female figures was a new and exciting sensation.

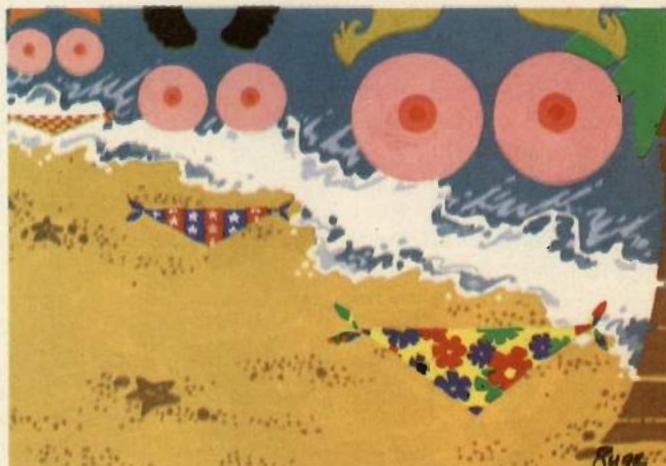
The guard then somehow talked his girlfriend into shaving her pubic hair, after which he did the same, and off they went to a Swinger's party, both slightly embarrassed at their new barenness, but eager to

find out whether their new smooth as silk appearance would add any excitement to the party.

To their surprise, not only were they accepted, but the demand for both by their friends was almost unbearable.

The guard and his girlfriend later returned home, exhausted, but without remorse. Later the guard was quoted as saying he owed much of his recently found pleasure to touching those statues.

Who said we are a country without culture?



BIT'S & PIECES



SAY IT WITH, UH... PANTIES?

Flowers may suit some girls, but if you want to try something a little different, try a company called the Inter-Knicker Corporation, located in Europe.

For \$2.50, the company will send a pair of lace panties to your lady love as a warmer expression of affection than the traditional roses. And business is booming.

The company expects to do about a million dollars worth of business during the Christmas season, but apparently no American companies are attempting to adopt a similar idea.

The British will even top the panty offer, for a few extra shillings, by sending a boy along to sing a dirty, suggestive song.

We're waiting to hear the price on sending a girl.

LOW COST OF LIVING

Believe it or not, with almost everything going up in price, there are a few items that really can be bought more cheaply than they used to be.

Ten years ago, for example, a quarter-inch electric drill cost \$9.88 and today one can be bought for \$7.99. A jigsaw was \$23.50 then and now it costs \$9.99 for one of comparable quality.

Ballpoint pens that sold then for 29 cents can now be purchased for 19 cents. A 12-ounce can of frozen orange juice went from 68 cents in 1964 to about 58 cents today.

\$ \$ \$ \$

Even some big appliances have dropped in price. A 14-cubic-foot refrigerator that was selling for \$349 ten years ago now costs about \$299.

If you're interested in a color TV, a 1963 21-inch set went for \$429.95 and today you get a 25-inch set for the same price.

Only a few years ago, calculators came on the market costing \$150 and now one of the same quality can be purchased for about \$45.

Unfortunately, along with rising prices in houses, food, gas and some other items, the price of a piece of ass has gone up an average of 30%, that is, ass of comparable quality. Possibly this should be included with the rising cost of meat.

JOG FOR SEX

Put aside those new and stylish platform shoes and put on a pair of track shoes. If you do, your sex life will improve, according to Bill Emmerton, 54, a native of Australia.

Emmerton spends a lot of time running from one land to another to improve his sex life. He claims that if you want to put more zest in your love life, run, don't walk, to the bedroom.

"Psychiatrists make loads of money giving advice to men and women to improve their sex lives," he said. Instead, Emmerton recom-

mends a 30-minute walk each day which he claims will stimulate a person's sex drive and condition that person to perform adequately in bed.

"Exercise by running makes the heart stronger," he advised. "The heart beats 190 times a minute during intercourse and a person who is overweight can't take it. That's why so many conk-out during the sex act," he claims.

Emmerton doesn't smoke, but does enjoy a cocktail occasionally and seems to be in demand by the ladies. Seems his advice works!



THREE FOR ONE

Ever wonder how anyone can combine shoeshining, manicuring and sex in one operation?

Vincent Geraci, 40, received a short stretch in jail for trying to do just that.

Geraci was running a place in Indiana where a guy could spend 30 minutes with a naked manicurist who also offered sex consultation (which meant whatever the customer wanted) and,

while this was going on, another nude girl would shine his shoes. The price was only \$15 and the business was doing very well.

Geraci was arrested along with his wife and both were charged with violating an Indiana injunction.

The only comment came from Geraci's wife whose main complaint was that the price of shoe polish was 50% higher than one year ago.

how good a lover are you? PROVE IT!

Hustler Magazine has taken an unprecedented step in launching a contest to discover the **WORLD'S GREATEST MALE LOVER** and we feel it is about time he receive credit for his talent, whoever he might be. There have been many contests involving every activity conceivable, but we feel this is one category that has been overlooked.

We know who the Don Juan of yesterday was, but we don't know who the Don Juan of today is. Hopefully, upon completion of this contest, we will have discovered the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** which should be of considerable interest to all people.

This contest will be based on an application to be filled out by your wife, lover or mistress. We will choose six finalists. These individuals will participate in final activities and will be judged on:

- a. Personal Appearance
- b. Personality
- c. Foreplay
- d. Oral Sex
- e. Stamina
- f. Technique

How can you benefit from the contest? Well, for starters:

1. The winner will be exclusively interviewed in *Hustler Magazine*.
2. A one week all-expense-paid vacation in Acapulco with the Hustler Honey of the year (or any consenting girl of your choice.)
3. An appropriately designed attractive trophy to add credence to your honor.

presiding judges

LARRY FLYNT

Publisher of *Hustler Magazine*.

AL GOLDSTEIN

Editor of *Screw* Newspaper, one of the world's raciest sex tabloids, and connoisseur of delectable "meat".

JERRY DAMIANO

Considered to be the world's greatest porno producer. He produced and directed "Deep Throat," "Memories Within Miss Aggie," "Portrait" and many others.

HARRY REEMS

A proven actor and foremost porno superstar and "stud". Reems has appeared in over 200 X-rated movies and made love to hundreds of women.

JODY MAXWELL

Star of Damiano's new release "Portrait" and considered to be the world's greatest cocksucker. She is known as the singing cock-sucker because of her ability to sing while performing fellatio.

SAMANTHA McLAREN

Star of the new smash hit movie "Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander" and self-acclaimed expert on sexual fetishes.

HONEYSUCKLE DEVINE

Burlesque queen by trade and a regular *Screw* contributor. Honeysuckle is known worldwide for her cocksucking ability.

Presiding Judges: Judges will not be misinterpreted as participants. Their sole purpose will be to preside over the final activities and insure strict compliance with the rules and regulations governing the contest.

Employees of *Hustler Magazine*, and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

Send in the coupon today and enter your application immediately. Only serious minded individuals need apply.

All entries must be received in our home office no later than April 15, 1975.

HUSTLER

HUSTLER MAGAZINE • 36 West Gay Street • Columbus, Ohio • 43215

Please send additional information and application to enter the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** contest.

I am over 18 years of age.

Signature _____

Name _____

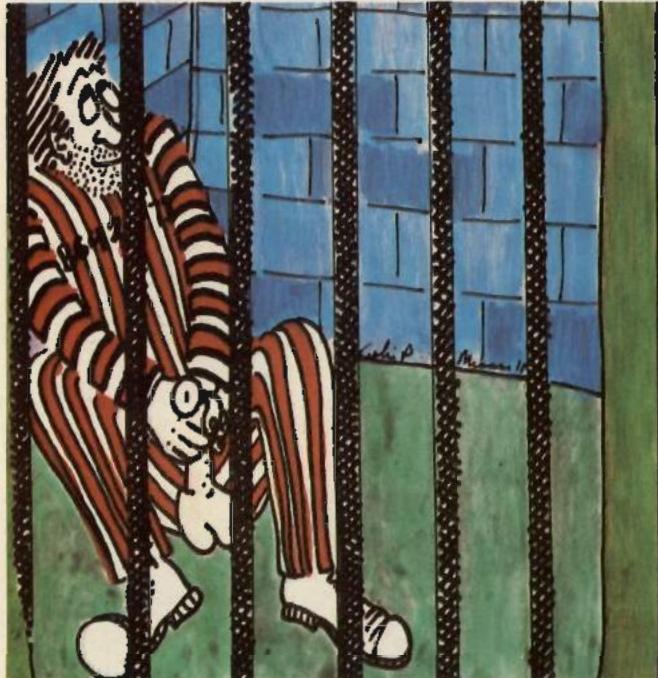
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City _____

State _____

Zip _____

BITS & PIECES



PRISON? IT COULD BE BETTER

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be in prison? Naturally your life style would be severely changed, there wouldn't be much to do in the way of entertainment, and you would pretty much have to accept things the way they are.

Also, you would most certainly become extremely frustrated sexually, with only masturbation as a release. You would most likely fantasize about sex but even this would become a rather poor substitute for an actual physical encounter with the opposite sex. And if you become really sexually frustrated you might do all kinds of weird and crazy things to get what little satisfaction you can. Without question, you would become an expert within your world of fantasy and frustration.

So there you are, sitting in your room with only your hand as a tool for sexual gratification.

You also should realize that the superintendent is very much aware of your situation and can, if he wishes, exploit your predicament by putting you in solitary confinement or sticking you in the "queen" section of the prison where other prisoners who have already experienced what you are going through will most likely attempt to force their intentions on you.

Whether you believe this or not, it's a real picture of many prisons and just recently someone is trying to do something about it.

Alvin Bronstein, who heads an organization called "National Prison Project," is, for example, taking complaints from prisoners and they are then being investigated and handled by a dedicated staff of lawyers and aides. Sometimes they give advice or information to prisoners, and often they contact prison officials or even congressmen so that appropriate action can be taken. Occasionally they wind up having to drag the matter through the courts, but more often than not they are successful in exposing corrupt officials as being the real prison perverts.

Another of the programs developed to help prisoners enjoy at least a reasonable attempt at a more normal existence is being promoted by Fortune Society out of New York. Since 1967 they have published, "Fortune News," a paper with a lot of helpful information for convicts. They have also created a pen pal program in which they match up interested free citizens with those inmates desiring contact with the outside world.

Needless to say, the next time you are feeling sorry for yourself because the flavor is wearing thin, think about the men and women doing one to 20 or longer.

A STRIKING STREAK FOR GRANNIES

The catholicity of opinion that grandmothers are merely sweet old ladies who hand out candy and silver dollars to grandchildren, was dealt a severe if not lethal blow recently in Newark, New Jersey.

Esther Estrella, a 41 year old grandmother said to be streaking for striking police officers, shed all but her high heel shoes and a rhinestone crown and scurried her way to a photo finish in which she was captured by police after she had tied up traffic for over two hours around City Hall in Newark.

Mrs. Estrella, an attractive freelance dancer, was cheered on by a host of striking officers as she darted up the City Hall steps where other police regret-

fully apprehended her.

Charged with performing an indecent act, she was released on \$100 bail, but it

would seem she should be commended for "streaking" a blow for grannies everywhere.





SOAPY SALES

Most everyone knows who Lovelace and Hollander are and anyone who believes they are a new and upcoming comedy team certainly won't know the name Marilyn Chambers. However, even for readers who are familiar with the "Happy Hooker" and "Deep Throat" artists, Miss Chambers may best be recalled as the porno star of "Behind the Green Door." Still stumped? Marilyn is the broad who made Proctor and Gamble blush when they found out that after they used her pix as the lovely mother on the

Ivory Snow soap boxes, she turned out to be a porno queen.

Well, Marilyn is about to star in a musical porno film called "Satisfaction," directed by Chuck Traynor, manager and former husband of Linda Lovelace. Whether or not her latest endeavor can compete with "Deep Throat" at the box office ("Behind the Green Door" netted \$3 million as opposed to the \$15 million of "Deep Throat") doesn't really matter. Proctor and Gamble renewed her Ivory Snow commercial and she's on her way to her first million.

BIG SISTER'S WATCHING YOU

California has taken up the practice of hiring women guards for their prisons. The idea seems to be working fairly well except for the occasional attempts at pinching and a few wolf whistles.

The women must be emotionally mature, between the ages of 21 and 35, and have about two years of work experience.

They must also be able to relate to prisoners and undergo a nine-month trial period at a starting salary of \$840 a month.

Females are also being

enlisted as members of the Ohio National Guard, including their medical units, but some restrictions are causing cries of discrimination against some female members.

A few months ago, a strike was called at the Lima State Hospital for the criminally insane and only the male members of the National Guard were called out. The reason was that there were no sleeping quarters set aside for the female members. One woman called the move "horseshit" and said that if they're go-

BITS & PIECES

LOVELACE FOR PRESIDENT

Do you suppose Linda Lovelace could muster up enough support to become President of the United States?

Apparently Hollywood thinks so as it prepares for a film entitled, "Linda Lovelace for President."

The film has a budget of about \$1,000,000, a far cry from that of the run of the mill porno flick, and is said to promise some cameo appearances by some of the biggest stars in show busi-

ness. Johnny Carson and Buddy Hackett were just two of the names being mentioned by the producers of this slapstick comedy. But it's difficult to see how any star could steal the show from Linda.

The movie was slated to open sometime after the 1st of the year.

It is difficult to imagine just what her term might be like, but at least we already know she is deeply honest. Anyway, for once the President would be the sucker instead of the American people.



ing to get uptight everytime the sleeping problem arises, they'll have a hard time getting femmes to join. Ever wonder where it will end?

BITS & PIECES

GAYS INFILTRATE

The Plumbers' unit of Watergate infamy might have come up with more solid results had it concentrated on the General Services Administration (GSA) rather than bugging an outfit (Democratic Headquarters) which was obviously not a serious factor in the 1972 presidential race.

Charges have been made, and are being investigated by Congress, that there might be a homosexual ring of great political importance within the upper strata of GSA, the unseen landlord of all governmental buildings. In addition, it is suspected that expenditures on ex-President Nixon's private homes were blackmailed

from the GSA by administration officials who were "in the know" about the gay situation.

"We think there may be a whole ring of homosexuals at the very top of the GSA," reported one investigator. "And we think that those people are punishing and harassing 'straights' right out of their jobs."

Not a very pleasant set of circumstances to be uncovered concerning our leaders, but also not very surprising in light of all else that has occurred in recent years in our government.

One word of warning: if, while visiting Washington, D.C., you come upon a GSA official who has dropped anything on the floor, DON'T bend over to pick it up.

SALE—GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

Remember that little shop downtown that specializes in a "going out of business sale?" If you do, stay out.

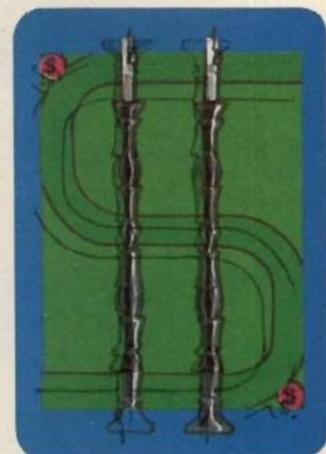
John Rholes, a plumbing contractor, didn't and was recently swindled out of \$40 in a jewelry shop.

The clerk who waited on him wore a large hearing aid and had to have questions repeated several times. Rholes, feeling sorry for him, went along with the salesman as he went after a silver candlestick Rholes had seen in the display window. The salesman hollered across the room to the manager asking the price, which the manager replied was \$175. The clerk thanked him and told Rholes the candlestick would cost him \$75. Rholes, ready to snap at a "bargain," replied he would take it, thinking he had saved \$100 at the expense of the salesman's bad hearing and scurried happily away.

Later Rholes found out that if he had shopped around, he could have

bought the same candlestick for \$35, but when he went back he found the operation had moved two states over.

As the old saying goes, "Let the buyer beware!"



CELIBACY

Recently, the Vatican issued a notice reaffirming that priestly celibacy is still a very valid tenet of the church.

It's interesting to note, however, that the official document advised teachers to be more understanding of students who practice "self-eroticism."

Self-eroticism is simply a more respectable term for masturbation.

The document mentions that one of the things that stands in the way of chastity is "self-eroticism." It further states that the teacher should play down this activity by the student and not lose his esteem and respect for him.

The document states, "In his contact with the educator's supernatural love, the young student will realize he is being received in the communion of charity and will feel lifted from the narrowness of his ego."

In other words, ignore self-eroticism and maybe it will go away. The document was sent to bishops throughout the world as a guideline for seminary students.

T.H.E.F.T.

HIRE TO FIRE

Ever hear of T.H.E.F.T.? The initials stand for "The Honest Employees Fooling Thieves," and the use and popularity of the organization is growing at a tremendous pace.

Unemployed actors are usually hired by T.H.E.F.T. to be used by companies who know their employees are stealing them blind, but who are reluctant to fire them because of longevity

and experience on the job. However, the boss wants to teach the thieving employee a lesson so he hires a new employee from T.H.E.F.T. who is later caught "stealing," and the boss accuses him in front of all the other employees and the new man is humiliated and fired.

Ms. Rae Wilder, founder of T.H.E.F.T., said that the store detectives treat her employees roughly, as they wish to get the message

across to the regular workers that it doesn't pay to steal from the company.

Statistics indicate that the amount of merchandise stolen by company employees far surpasses that done by professional thieves, which can be anything from rubber bands to color TV sets. By creating T.H.E.F.T., Ms. Wilder specializes in phony thieves whose main job is to be a forbidding example of larcenous employees.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

HUSTLER provides the best and most concise guide to entertainment than any other major men's publication. It features new clubs opening up, old favorites around town and a complete listing of classical entertainment events plus the best in massage parlors in the city. After conducting business affairs all day, touring the city or just passing thru, pick up a copy of **HUSTLER**. Enjoy the beautiful women, captivating articles and fine humor then let yourself be guided to the best places in town thru our Entertainment Guide. It fills you in on what's happening and where.

ARIZONA

Phoenix: Arizona's Valley of the Sun is the warmest, driest, sunniest spot in the United States. And it's also close enough to enjoy a skiing morning or afternoon at the 10,000-foot slopes of the San Francisco Peaks. Sightseeing is always "in" here and you'll just have to choose wisely since there's so much to see. The Royal London Wax Museum is a must for fans of Josephine Tussaud. The closest Indian reservations are Guadalupe (Yaqui), Maricopa, and Salt River (Maricopa and Pima). All are no further than 10 miles from town. Museums and art galleries continue to draw crowds, most featuring Indian works and/or artifacts. Dining is a pleasure here with a large list of restaurants from which to choose. There's Woody's Macayo, the Hotel Westward Ho with a pair of dining rooms, and the Captain's Beef Rigger. Most also provide entertainment. The sports scene changes as the San Francisco Giants begin to filter into town for spring training. And the Phoenix Suns are still involved with NBA problems against February visitors: Washington, the 4th; Seattle, the 6th; Buffalo, the 12th; Boston, the 14th; Atlanta, the 15th; Cleveland, the 26th; and Golden State, the 28th.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles: Now this is what they mean when they talk about a place with literally everything. And it doesn't take a bloodhound to sniff out entertainment in these parts. Although you could start anywhere, by preference we'll begin with the relaxing items. Talk about obvious? Sample these

names and judge for yourself: Yum Yum Love Parlour; Cock of the Walk; Mothers Fun Palace; Tender Loving Care; Pussy-cat Parlor. If you get something to eat, it won't be steak at these massage spots. Most also cater to out-calls at home, office, or hotel. This Hollywood "suburb" has a lot of talent from which to choose nude dancers and they go to town at The Pink Pussy Cat and the Classic Cat. Choosing a dinner spot is also a "can't miss" process with names like La Scala, The Seventh Veil, The Queen Mary and Kelley's Steakhouse to choose from. Legitimate theatre abounds in the celluloid area and tours to motion picture studios are a hot item. Check schedules for both when planning a business trip or vacation. In its eighth season, the Music Center Ahmanson Theatre puts up Charlton Heston and Vanessa Redgrave in "Macbeth" for the entire month. Pierre Boulez and Lawrence Foster split guest conductor spots with the Los Angeles Philharmonic during February and The Dybbuk, by S. Ansky, is the stage show at the Mark Taber Forum. On the sports battlefield, the Los Angeles Lakers of the NBA host: Seattle, the 2nd; Buffalo, the 11th; Atlanta, the 14th; Golden State, the 21st; Boston, the 23rd; Portland, the 26th; and Cleveland, the 28th. The NHL Kings are at home to: California, the 2nd; Buffalo, the 6th; Boston, the 16th; Vancouver, the 19th; and New York Rangers, the 21st. The Sharks of the WHA have home dates with: New York, the 7th; Chicago, the 10th; Winnipeg, the 12th; Houston, the 15th; Vancouver, the 17th; New England, the 20th; and Edmonton, the 24th.

San Francisco: If you've shaken off the effects of New Year's Eve and want more of the same, be prepared for the Chinese New Year celebration in Chinatown from the 15th to the 23rd with a parade on the 22nd. Chung Kam and the Golden Dragon are two of many Oriental restaurants to put you in the mood. Fisherman's Wharf is the site for fine restaurants like A. Sabella's, Alioto's and Scoma's. Various tastes can be satisfied at: Marrakech (Moroccan); Old Zurich (Swiss); Thang Long (Vietnamese); Omar Khayyam's



RUTH BUZZI

(Armenian); and Budapest West (Hungarian) to name a few. The Condor heads up a list of night clubs with a nude musical review. Other worthwhile acts can be seen

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

at the famous hungry I and Purple Onion, Pandora's Box and The Garden of Eden. The world's greatest female impersonators are at Finocchio Club. Out-calls or in-calls for an erotic massage can be dialed at Monique Massage, Les Nuits de Paris, Tiffani's and about 100 others. The amount of satisfaction is often determined by the size of the wallet. Well, off the bed and onto the boards. The Fairmont Hotel will have Peggy Lee, Ruth Buzzell, Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, during Feb. at different times. Bobby Short comes to the Geary Theatre on the 9th and Charlie Rich



CHARLIE RICH

takes over at the Cow Palace on the 8th. Golden State, in the NBA, sends its Warriors to battle at home against: Washington, the 6th; Phoenix, the 8th and 25th; Houston, the 11th; Atlanta, the 20th; and Boston, the 22nd. And home tests for the Golden Seals in NHL action include: New York Islanders, the 3rd; Vancouver, the 6th; Buffalo, the 8th; Boston, the 13th; New York Rangers, the 22nd; and St. Louis, the 27th.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington-Baltimore: It doesn't take long to get your fill of solemnity in this area, but for those who take the time, there's also a variety of entertainment in abundance to help clear the air and the mind. One of the quickest ways to recoup a tense day is to pay a visit to a massage lounge. They have a way of draining away the tensions. In Baltimore, The Cat's Pajamas and Geisha House #3 are good choices and even more graphic is The Velvet Touch. Singles groups run ads in D.C. and the Rendezvous Social Club for "mature ladies and gentlemen" has a large offering. Dinner-theatre in the Cap-

ital is also extensive. A few are the Colony 7, The Arlingtonian and The Hayloft.



JOHNNY UNITAS

Straight theatre is presented by the National Theatre and the John F. Kennedy Center or Baltimore's Arena Players and Spotlights Theatre. Gracious eating in the latter city is available at Danny's, a consistently top-rated restaurant with Chesapeake Bay seafood specialties, and Johnny Unitas' Golden Arm with a hearty steak as a headliner. History is a hot commodity in this area, so check for tours. A visitor could get lost and miss some most interesting places, like the Senate cloakroom. Celebrities and politicians are also heavily sports oriented and the Washington Bullets see much home action against NBA contenders with: New York, the 16th; Phoenix, the 19th; Portland, the 23rd; Seattle, the 26th; and Detroit, the 28th.

FLORIDA

Miami-Fort Lauderdale: The season is "in" and the prices are up. Unless you're lucky enough to have a relative here, you'll probably spend most of your time and money along the miles of hotels and motels fronting the Atlantic Ocean. Famous hotels like the Fountainbleu, Diplomat and the Ivanhoe provide everything in one package — food, entertainment and lodging. The Castaways, Dunes, Aztec and Thunderbird resort motels are among many similar spots and perhaps a bit less expensive. But don't plan to get by on the same amount of money it takes to visit Harrisburg, Pa.; you get more and you pay for it. Check the entertainment schedules when you hit town. At the Tokyo House, you're in for a unique ex-

perience if you've never tried an Oriental massage studio. Special treatment might also be found at the 79th Street Club Massage, Delores Lee Salon and Evelyn's Massage. Quiet and intimate describes Clifford's if you're seeking fine food. The Mai Kai Polynesian Restaurant is self-explanatory as are La Pampa Argentine Steak House and Seven Seas Restaurant. Night clubbing is extravagant at the Bachelor's II, Flamenco Supper Club, Swinger Club and Durty Nellie's Lounge. Although regular professional sports end with the final game of the Dolphins, excitement continues here with dog racing, jai alai, and an occasional golf tournament on either the PGA or satellite tours enjoying popularity.

GEORGIA

Atlanta: With a climate ranging from cool to warm, this is a good place for middle-of-the-roaders. You can complain either way, but chances are you won't have time enough if you take advantage of the Southern hospitality. Underground Atlanta encompasses four blocks of restaurants, shops, boutiques and entertainment like Ruby Red's Warehouse featuring a banjo band, silent films, etc. Schedules should be checked for shows at the Barn Dinner Theatre and Kelly's Seed & Feed Theatre. The service can be infuriating at The Midnight Sun on busy evenings, but it remains the finest restaurant in Atlanta. Chateau Fleur de Lis is another solid favorite eating place with its French-accented Continental menu. The Lobster Bisque is a luxury. And The Abbey, often mentioned in this space, must be among the top in atmosphere and fine wine. Check out the High Museum and Galerie Illien for art, and both the Civic Center and Municipal Auditorium for music. In sports, the Atlanta Hawks take on NBA rivals at home in February as follows: Cleveland, the 4th; Detroit, the 6th; New Orleans, the 8th; and Chicago, the 27th. For the Atlanta Flames, home ice hockey battles in the NHL include: Montreal, the 1st and 26th; Philadelphia, the 3rd; Chicago, the 8th; and Los Angeles, the 10th and 28th.

ILLINOIS

Chicago: Massage parlors close up here faster than they can open, but the Windy City visitor can always be assured that something will blow him even if it's just a breeze from Lake Michigan. So much of the entertainment advertising promises "completely nude," you'd think they had

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

a clothing shortage. The **Harem Leisure Spa** and **S & S Health Spa** promise attractive young naked ladies to help your muscles fully relax. If the eyes have it, you can head for the **Roman House**, the **Upstairs Lounge** or the **41 Club**. All of those boast the nude look in night club shows. The **Cafe Bohemia** gets our nod as "far-out restaurant" for February. Moose steak or buffalo-burgers? The menu makes venison sound common. The **Berghoff Restaurant** and **Jimmy Wong's** provide excellent meals in the loop area. On the Outer Drive East, **La Tour Restaurant** adds some top entertainers. Shows available include some favorites from Broadway and off-Broadway. Check schedules upon arrival at the **Arie Crown**, **Blackstone** and **Shubert** theatres downtown. Suburban presentations are at the **Arlington Park Theatre**, the **Rustic Barn Playhouse** or combine repast and amusement at the **Candlelight Dinner Playhouse**. Sightseeing is not at its warmest during February in Chicago, but it's a mecca for the sports-minded with a basketball team and two hockey clubs in the professional arena. The **Chicago Bulls** host NBA teams as follows: Washington, the 2nd; Portland, the 4th; Detroit, the 7th; New York, the 11th; Golden State, the 14th; Buffalo, the 16th; Los Angeles, the 18th; and Milwaukee, the 21st. In the NHL, the **Black Hawks** are at home to: St. Louis, the 3rd; Atlanta, the 6th; Pittsburgh, the 10th and 24th; Los Angeles, the 13th; Toronto, the 17th; California, the 20th; and Philadelphia, the 23rd. The **WHA Cougars** see home action against: Winnipeg, the 5th; New York, the 9th; Edmonton, the 12th; Quebec, the 14th; Toronto, the 16th; Vancouver, the 21st; New England, the 23rd; Los Angeles, the 26th; and Houston, the 28th.

IOWA

Des Moines: Who'd have guessed it? Tucked away in the Midwestern corn fields of conservative Des Moines are a number of massage parlors. And, if you're stuck here in February, this "relaxation plus" can be found at **Lindy's Swedish Sauna**, **The Body Shop** and the **Purr-shun Massage**. Jackpot! At any minute, however, the city councils of both Des Moines and West Des Moines are trying to pass legislation to at least curtail out-calls. Some top restaurants are the **Polynesian**, **Mr. Vic's** and **The Blue Max**, all provide entertainment. **Charlie's Showplace** is informal and fun for a dinner-theatre pairing. Night spots include the **Toga Club**, **Fat Albert's** and the **Paddock Lounge**.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans: While the **Mardi Gras** is in progress, New Orleans rivals any city in the world for excitement, fun and entertainment and is the best-known festival city in the U.S. The day before Ash Wednesday is an official city holiday and the town is virtually turned over to masked and costumed street throngs and to the parades including those of the **Krewes of Comus** and of **Rex, King of Carnival**. Some 66 **Carnival Balls** are held during the season. Thousands of visitors are drawn annually to watch the rich pageantry, the carefree, tolerant, anything-goes atmosphere and the sights. Make reservations well in advance. Authentic Creole cuisine is unique to this part of the world. It's a blending of American, French, African and Indian cultures. The results are always superb and sometimes



REX, KING OF CARNIVAL

spectacular. The **Court of Two Sisters** is a favorite along with the **Caribbean Room** at the **Ponchartrain Hotel** and **Le Bon Creole**. Night clubs include the **Al Hirt Club** where the rotund Trumpet King holds court, **Charley's Corner**, the **Blue Angel** and the **Sho-Bar** with its burlesque. For tender loving hands to caress your battered body, stop in at **Abbe's Penthouse Massage Studio**, **Aladdin's Health Salon** or the **Magic Touch**. The **New Orleans Jazz** basketball team holds home NBA games with: New York, the 2nd; Houston, the 5th and 23rd; Atlanta, the 12th; Milwaukee, the 16th; Philadelphia, the 18th; Portland, the 20th; Phoenix, the 21st; Chicago, the 25th; and KC-Omaha, the 28th.

MICHIGAN

Detroit: You'll never really get to know Detroit, but you'll have fun trying as you

take in the dining, theatre, musical and night club scenes that are offered. Strip-tease dancing is legal in the Motor City and exotic dancers of all shapes, styles and gimmicks perform at clubs like the **Willis Show Bar**, **Ben's Hi-Chaparral** and



JANE POWELL

the **In-Crowd Lounge**. Places such as **Chin Tiki**, the **Royal Ascot** and **Little Egypt** add good eating to the evening. Make a choice — enjoy a massage or dine in sumptuous splendor. Or you can fill both appetites if you plan ahead. To feel "kneaded," drop by the **Japanese Sauna** or **Olegnatar's Swedish Massage**. If you can tear yourself away, proceed to **Clungan's Shrimp House**, **Rocco's** or **Carl's Chop House**. Live shows can be welcome relief at the **Music Hall** where **Woody Herman** stars Feb. 1st and **Bobby Short** performs the 24th. Or at the **Fisher Theatre** with "**Irene**," starring **Jane Powell** which is outstanding. The **Detroit Pistons** are in town against NBA foes: Buffalo, the 1st; Boston, the 3rd; Los Angeles, the 9th; Chicago, the 12th; KC-Omaha, the 15th; New York, the 19th; Washington, the 21st; and Milwaukee, the 26th. The **Red Wings** of the NHL host five ice tests with: Montreal, the 3rd; Philadelphia, the 20th; St. Louis, the 23rd; New York Islanders, the 24th; and Toronto, the 26th.

NEVADA

Las Vegas: The stars shine in this playground all year around and most tourists enjoy seeing top-name performers. However, there are those who don't wander far from the gaming tables and often wish they had. It's a wide-open town and nearly everything goes. Top attractions *continued on page 24*

PORN REVIEW

RATING GUIDE

- * — Not suggested; not at all worthwhile.
- ** — Reliable; a few redeeming qualities.
- *** — Suggested; guaranteed to tease or please.
- **** — Highly suggested; the best in all respects.

Hustler Porn Review is designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest X-rated flicks flooding the market today. Those which are and are not worthwhile and why. Our star rating system is based on quality for your money, so you can refer to it in good faith. All movies listed can be seen at your local adult movie house.

LICKETY SPLIT (★★★)

"Leave the driving to us" as the slogan goes and the antics and activities on the bus in this flic are the reasons why. Fucking and sucking on the go is basically the plot with a superb orgy scene as a finale involving all of the "passengers." Linda Lovemore is introduced in full style in this, her first film. The depth of her throat is phenomenal as she not only sucks the biggest joints you've seen, but inhales the balls for good measure. Aside from some of the dull scenes around the middle of the film, this is a goody!

MEMORIES WITHIN MISS AGGIE (★★★★)

An excellent Jerry Damiano interpretation of the best aspects of both art film techniques and the porn field genre. A very heavy turn-on flick, the plot is about an old woman, Deborah Ashire, attempting to remember her past and in doing so, consistently lapses into fantasy. This is Damiano's best and one of the finer flicks in the porno field.



22

TEENAGE NURSES (★)

A hard-core sex comedy about disabled Vietnam veterans and a doctor's efforts to lift their spirits, as well as their dicks, by instructing a group of teenage nurses at Bethesda to screw all vets on sight. Unfortunately, neither the sex nor the humor comes off successfully. To add to the inferiority of the film, a laugh track has actually been dubbed in and is run throughout the entire film, even during the sex scenes. Don't waste your time on this one.

MARRIAGE AND OTHER STRANGE THINGS (★★★)

Also known as "Marriage and Other Four-Letter Words," this flic is very well done, and the fact that it's low-budget doesn't seem to affect its quality. It contains good acting, well executed camera positions and imaginative sex scenes. The plot revolves around a couple who get involved in swinging to spark up their sex life and end up getting involved in a few things they didn't bargain for. A few unique scenes deal with sexual group games of an oral nature and an underwater blowjob.

SEX CLINIC GIRLS (★)

It's hard to believe that this is a fairly recent movie as the presentation and plot are based on an old-time educational film material format. Three women are introduced at the beginning as the sex clinic girls who proceed to narrate the action in a series of case histories. They even narrate the boring sex scenes. Truly not worth time nor money.



THE FILTHIEST SHOW IN TOWN (★★)

This is a very well-made flic. Acting, directing and script all offer real talent with the story being a spoof on the popular television game show, the "Dating Game." Popular sex stars Harry Reems and the beautiful Tina Russell participate in one of the best of the very few hard-core scenes. Definitely entertaining.

PORTRAITS (★★★)

One of Jerry Damiano's recent releases, this is purely a turn-on film with very little story content. It's straight porn and well handled, but nothing like any of Damiano's previous biggies. One interesting aspect is Jody Maxwell who can suck cock and sing songs at the same time. Very talented indeed! All in all, it's not one of the best the Porn King has put out, but better than the average flic of this genre.

NON-PROFIT SEX (★)

Intended to be an amusing farce about an expensive call girl (\$100 per day) and her episodes on the way to meet a customer with whom she intends to spend the week. Very inferior and badly put together, we're sure this film comes off much weaker than originally planned. It really isn't worth your time.

THE SEDUCTION OF LYN CARTER (★★★★)

This is one of the very best films for both explicitness and action, that's been around for awhile. The story deals with a couple married 15 years who are feeling the pangs of boredom. The wife, Andrea True, gets involved, shown in all its sometimes gory detail, with another guy, Jamie Gillis. Both have appeared in other flics, but their best performances are right here. Though all scenes are not the most exciting and cum-filled, on the whole, it's worthwhile.

THE MINOR'S WIFE (★★)

A European import, the story revolves around a group of very attractive West German wives whose gay lives begin after their husbands go to work. One of the main objections to this film is the brevity and discontinuity of the sex scenes. Originally shot for soft-core viewers, the hard-core sequences seem to have been added on later, which makes for an unconvincing show.

GIRL FREAKS (★★)

An Alex deRenzy special, the entire film is devoted to a series of lesbian lovemaking scenes between two exquisitely beautiful creatures. Emphasizing the beauty of the women, he gets some very sensitive shots, but that is all this movie provides — no story and very little acting.

DEVIOUS GIRLS (★)

Another lesbian flic, this one not only lacks professionalism in style and a good solid plot, but the unattractiveness of the actresses is disturbing.

HAPPY DAYS (★★★)

Going right along with the nostalgia craze, this flic unsuccessfully attempts to depict sex in the Fifties. With the exception of a couple of items in the film, a 1953 Buick for one, sex then was not much different than sex today. Nevertheless, the expert technical handling and hard-core sex scenes are worth the admission charge.

HEAD OF THE CLASS (★★★)

A very effective and entertaining spoof on Women's Lib. The plot is based on the infiltration of a Women's Lib commune by "Boopsie" (strutting boobs large enough to swing over her shoulders) and her male companion. Both get very involved with the "communers" which results in some very titillating scenes.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

continued from page 21

for February includes Wayne Newton who is booked solid at the Sands and then the Frontier. Following Newton at the Sands will be Robert Goulet from the 5th to Mar. 4th. The Sahara Congo Room has Rowan and Martin set through the 13th to be replaced by Buddy Hackett and Eddie Fisher until the 26th, then Jerry Lewis takes over. The Casbar Theatre will present Judy Bell. Shows at the Thunderbird, MGM Grand and Las Vegas Hilton are yet to be announced. Englebert Humperdinck and Dionne Warwick share the month at the Riviera, Dionne taking over on the 6th. At Caesars Palace, the husband-wife team of Steve Lawrence and Edie Gorme appear from the 6th to the 26th, with Johnny Carson following. Juliet Prowse and Jan Murray star at the Desert



STEVE LAWRENCE & EDIE GORME

Inn until the 17th when Jimmy Dean takes over. Sandler and Young are billed at the Flamingo through the 19th and "Sex Symbol" Connie Stevens amply replaces. Brush Arbor is the group at the Golden Nugget. Constant favorites include the Casino de Paris '75 at the Dunes, Le Lido de Paris at the Stardust and the World's Greatest Circus Acts at, where else, Circus Circus.

Reno-Lake Tahoe: Harrah's Headliner Room in Reno and South Shore Room in Lake Tahoe are just full of stars during February. Jack Jones (until the 12th), Totie Fields (13th to the 19th), Rich Little (20th to the 26th) and Bob Newhart (27th to Mar. 5th) visit the Headliner. Weekends at the South Shore spotlight Don Rickles and Olivia Newton-John who share the



FRANK SINATRA

initial weekend, followed by Totie Fields, Frank Sinatra, Charlie Rich and Roy Clark on into March. Harold's Club had not solidified its contracts at this writing. Also check the schedule for John Ascagaga's Nugget in Sparks and Jessie Beck's Riverside Hotel in Reno. Put some money aside to sample restaurant specialties at places like The Rusty Scupper, Louis' Basque Corner, Bill Fong's El Cortez Room and Bambino's in Reno. For those of you winding up your stay, on the way out of town you can stop at McDonald's, Burger Chef, or Pizza Hut!

NEW YORK

New York: When in New York you can hit big entertainment if you follow certain plans. First, check the theatre schedule to see what's playing. You can plan the rest of your activities around the shows. Presently it would be wise to plan ahead to see the new smash "Sherlock Holmes." In the first week of ticket sales, over \$250,000 worth of ducats were purchased. "My Fair Friend" starring Lynn Redgrave was packing them in at the Atkinson at this writing as were "Lorelei" with Carol Channing at the Palace and "Let My People Come," a sexual musical at the Village Gate. Fine food and a cozy atmosphere is yours at The Lord Derby restaurant in Manhattan's Holiday Inn. Nirvana offers the best of Indo-Bengali food; The "21" Club caters to many visiting stars; and Ma Bells on Shubert Alley is a light treat before or after the theatre. The New York Philharmonic performs in February with Pierre Boulez, Karl Boehm and Bernard Haitink alternating guest spots on the podium. Bill Cosby and Dionne Warwick star at the Uris Theatre. The Metro-

politan Opera is busy the entire month with offerings like Tosca, Boris Godunov and Bluebeard. At Madison Square Gar-



DIONNE WARWICKE

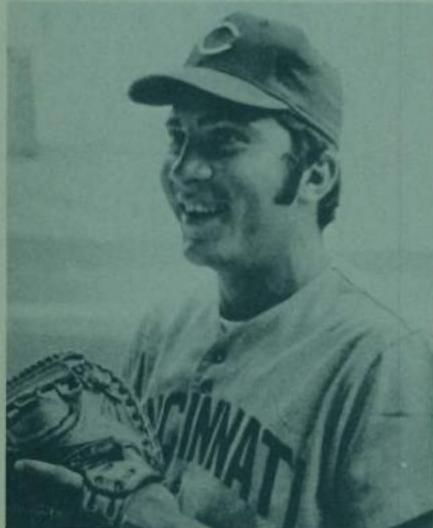
den, the Led Zeppelin holds concerts on the 3rd, 7th and 12th; Roy Clark, Diana Trask and Buck Trent are at the Felt Forum on the 1st; and two track events are on the card with the U.S. Olympic Invitational on the 21st and the Amateur Athletic Union Meet the 28th. Massage parlors are at their hottest in New York with relaxing hands waiting at Spartacus II, Caesars Retreat, Relaxation Plus and Victorian Studios. As they say, they'll "make you an offer you can't refuse." The New York Knicks home NBA tiffs are against: Houston, the 1st; Los Angeles, the 4th; Boston, the 8th; Washington, the 15th; Golden State, the 18th; Buffalo, the 22nd; and Seattle, the 25th. For the Rangers and Islanders in the NHL, it looks like this: The Rangers with Minnesota, the 3rd; New York Islanders, the 6th; St. Louis, the 10th; Philadelphia, the 24th; and Vancouver, the 27th. The Islanders with Minnesota, the 5th; Pittsburgh, the 9th; Atlanta, the 12th; Chicago, the 16th; Montreal, the 19th; Vancouver, the 26th; and Toronto, the 28th. For the WHA Golden Blades, it's: Houston, the 4th; Toronto, the 10th and 25th; Cleveland, the 15th; Quebec, the 17th; Chicago, the 18th; and New England, the 28th.

OHIO

Akron: Spring is just around the corner and with it will come more obvious planning for the 150th birthday of the Rubber City. The celebration won't be held until July 4th, but it makes you a little warmer to think ahead. Meanwhile, the white stuff

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

is still with us and one way to keep up the circulation is to take in the area entertainment. **State Burlesk** in Canton is a look-but-don't-touch answer to quiet a chill, while Akron's **Hustler Club** at 21 S. Main Street provides a more intimate climate. Along those lines, you might try **Mallo's Lounge**, the **Bourbon Barrel** or **Ramon's**. The latter can feed you prior to its Las Vegas-type shows. Dinner and show reservations are advised before heading to **Phil Palumbo's Supper Club**, or, in Norton, the **Brown Derby Luv Pub**. Excellent dining is a trademark of **Marcel's** where you can cash in on a dinner-of-the-week, like sauteed frog legs, at reasonable rates. A further sampling could include supper spots like **Lannings**, **Chaboudy's** and **Tommy Bruno's Steak House**. February offerings at the **Edwin J. Thomas Performing Arts Hall** at the University of Akron are a double opera bill on the 6th with "Interrupted Wedding Night" by Donizetti and "The Prodigal Son" by Debussy, both in English. Also Morton Gould conducts the **American Symphony Orchestra** for a Pops Concert on the 10th; world-famous pantomimist **Marcel Marceau** appears on the 16th; and Chhau, **The Masked Dance of Bengal** is featured the 28th with ritualistic dances in elaborate masks and costumes. On the 25th, the **Akron Symphony Orchestra** with **The Chamber Ballet** is to be held at the same site. For feature and sports events at **Nick Milioti's Coliseum**, see **Cleveland**.



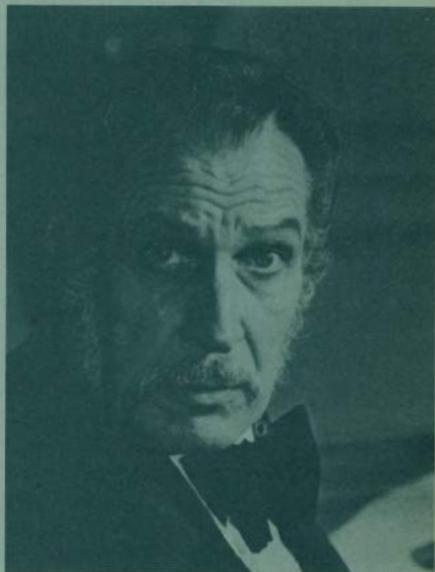
JOHNNY BENCH

Cincinnati: While this city is not among the major stops for vacationers, dinner treats and various types of entertainment are just right in Cinci. At the **Mediterranean Supper Club**, elegant dining is standard pro-

cedure and live shows nightly make it a local favorite. **Shuller's Wigwam** combines food and atmosphere to perfection as does **Mario's Wine Cellar**. And **The Black Rose** serves up delicious steaks and seafood for the more traditional types. It also seems proper to recognize **Johnny Bench's Home Plate Restaurant** as a prime eating spot. On the dinner-theatre scene, **Beef n' Boards** will ship in "6 Rms Riv Vu" to accompany fine meals from Feb. 12th until mid-March. At **Beverly Hills**, across the River in Newport, Kentucky, the monthly lineup was not set at this writing. Should you like some fine feminine company with a "hands-on" policy, sample the wares at the **Do-Drop-In Massage Parlor** or **Caroline's Vip Health Salon**. On Feb. 1st, the **Delta Queen Riverboat** resumes operations. Shows at the **Music Hall** include the **Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra** on the 14th, 15th, 21st and 22nd. "Arsenic and Old Lace" is featured at the **Cinci Playhouse** from Feb. 20th to Mar. 16th, and "The Marriage of Figaro" will be performed Feb. 27th to Mar. 2nd at the **Corbett Auditorium**. For beautiful women to watch and talk to, the **Hustler Club** at 608 Walnut St. is the best spot in town. Other Cinci sites are the **Caucus Room** in the **Sheraton-Gibson Hotel** and **My Room**. Kentucky locales include **The Pad**, **La Madame's** and **Bourbon Street**.

Cleveland: Between 30 and 40 rock contemporary concerts are interspersed features during the year at **Nick Milioti's Coliseum** located between Cleveland and Akron. Besides housing two professional sports teams, February's calendar has the **Virginia Slims Tennis Tournament** from the 5th to the 9th, **Knights of Columbus Track Meet** on the 15th, and the **Ice Follies** come in the 25th through Mar. 9th. Be sure to include the **Hustler Club** on Short Vincent Street to your stay for the kind of sexy gals that "mother warned you about." Look in on similar activities at **Mickey Finn's** and **Saints and Sinners**. Satisfaction of the palate is the prime concern at the **Rib Room** in the **Charterhouse**, **La Valle's** and **Lobster and Pheasant**. Henry's entertains you in a country club atmosphere. You can expect to see the outstanding long-running musical "Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" at the **Cabaret Playhouse Square**. At **Severance Hall**, the **Cleveland Symphony Orchestra** plans a concert for Feb. 27th through Mar. 1st. And for what you've been waiting for; fresh and

frisky girls send your circulation into orbit with sensual massages at the **Universal Health Salon** or the **VIP Health Spa**. An internal cleansing is top-notch at **Spartan Health Massage**. Basketball at **The Coliseum** has the **Cavaliers** against NBA foes: Atlanta, the 1st and 23rd; Detroit, the 2nd; Portland, the 6th; KC-Omaha, the 8th; New Orleans, the 11th; Golden State, the 13th; Houston, the 16th; Milwaukee, the 18th; and Washington, the 20th. On home ice, the **WHA Crusaders** play with: Minnesota, the 2nd and 24th; New England, the 3rd and 8th; Toronto, the 9th; Quebec, the 16th; Chicago, the 17th; and Vancouver, the 23rd.



VINCENT PRICE

Columbus: The **Ohio State Fairgrounds** will be pressed into service on Feb. 8th to the 16th for the annual **Columbus Sports Vacation & Travel Show**. On the 15th and 16th, the **Ohio Winter Ski Carnival** is slated at **Snow Trails Ski Area** just an hour north near Mansfield. These events are tied together in that after both, a tired traveler will be more than ready to yield to the warm and comforting hands of female attendants at any of the city's massage parlors. **The Caesars** or **The Euphorium** appear to offer top treatment for tense tourists. A little more life in the girls will be found at the **Hustler Club** and **Whatevr's Right Lounge**, 36 W. Gay Street, where beauty and brains often produce exotic results. The **Boo-B Trap** and **The Vegas Club** also swing toward adult features. For a chance to see stars in the making, stop by at the **Columbus-Springfield Dinner Theatre** where an all-black cast will present "Never Too Late" until Feb. 6th and "Beginners' Luck" takes

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

over from the 12th to Mar. 16th. The off-Broadway casts don't have the big names, but many get better reviews than the stars. Mershon Auditorium at Ohio State University hums with activity throughout the month featuring the Great Artists Series on the 13th with Cellist Leonard Rose among the lineup. At the Ohio Theatre, the Columbus Symphony Orchestra plans a concert with Pianist Antonio Barbosa on the 14th and 15th. Vincent Price will speak on the subject "The Villains Still Pursue Me" on the 21st. Great food is served up at Stouffer's Top of the Center, the King's Inn and the Inner Circle.

Dayton: Not exactly what you could call "flooded" with massage establishments, but try out the quality of Fingerfun and the National Health Club if you're at loose ends and want some intimate contact. Beautiful European models will pose any way you desire at Denmark Photo Studio. Want to save money? Forget the film! Enjoyable dining is yours at the historical Stockyards Inn, the city's oldest restaurant specializing in steaks and prime rib. Annarino's Supper Club supplies floor shows and a cozy atmosphere with its Italian and American dinners and Jim Sullivan's Colony Club offers background sounds of Dixieland. The Oakwood Club is another food spa with traditional menu.



MAMIE VAN DOREN

Suttmiller's Theatre Restaurant serves up an early dinner in the Ritterstube and a late dinner in the Theatre Restaurant along with some top-name stars like Mamie Van Doren, the Mills Brothers and Mimi Hines. Check the schedule when you get into town. Along a more sophisticated line of entertainment, go to the Art Institute concert Feb. 21st when Pianist

Valentin Gheorgia manipulates the ivories. Swinging times can be found at Whatevr's Right and Daddie's Money. Somewhat similar clubs includes the Geisha House, Gemini I or Gemini II and, obviously, The Swingers Cocktail Lounge.

Toledo: Talk about jumping the gun, the Toledo Sports Arena will present the annual Boat Show, from Feb. 15th to the 23rd. The emphasis might shift a bit toward sailboats to help ease the gasoline crunch. The Hustler Club, at 812 Jefferson Ave., will take your mind off everything except girls. Other spots where shapely lasses are the main course are Brenda's Body Shop, the Exotic Night Club and The Inn. Although not yet a booming business in the Glass City, the massage pleasures can be enjoyed at the Executive Art Studio which also provides escorts for lonely or lecherous singles. Speaking of eating, the Zorba Supper Club satisfies your appetite with American and Greek dishes and stages a Bousouki Revue three times a night with belly dancers from the old country. Frank Unkle's On the River serves diners with casual elegance and Fiji Island caters to Polynesian tastes. The Balkan Inn, Grana-nada Gardens (seafood) and Michael Angelos Ristorante all feature unusually good "change of pace" menus. The Toledo Metropolitan Orchestra is in concert Feb. 7th and 8th.

MISSOURI

Kansas City: There's always a surprise in store for visitors of the four-block area just north of the 6th Street Trafficway called River Quay. It has grown so quickly over the past year and a half that even regulars find new spots of enjoyment. Huck Finn's specializes in such homey fare as fried catfish and corn on the cob. The Warehouse, also known as Bobby D's, beckons to the young crowd with loud rock bands and a large dance floor. Live folk music gives customers pleasure at

THE PHILOSOPHER

TOO LITTLE TIME

I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see. The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world.

JOHN BURROUGHS

Dinkeldorf's Deli where deli food and tap beer are in demand. La Mediterraneé is superb as is the Kona Kai. Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, recently built Worlds of Fun, kind of a miniature Disneyland. The Palace Dinner Theatre and Tiffany's Attic have consistently good shows to go with a meal, but had not scheduled for February at this writing. Top night clubs on the Missouri side include Harlow's, Mother's and Butch Cassidy. Across the river in Kansas, good spots are Bachelors Three, Champan's and the Surf Club. The Kansas City-Omaha Kings of the NBA play against: Golden State, the 2nd; Portland, the 5th; Boston, the 12th; Detroit, the 16th; Los Angeles, the 19th; and Milwaukee, the 25th.

TEXAS

Houston: This city is a good place to stop if you're headed to Mexico. A little out of the way, perhaps, but well worth the jaunt no matter what you like. The Monument Restaurant has traditional fare of seafood and steaks and draws praise for quality. New to the city is an authentic India restaurant, the Maharaja, with delicious curries and 14 different vegetarian items; unusual in an area which majors in cattle. At Il Padrino (Godfather), they serve the best Italian and Sicilian dinners and claim, "We make a dish you can't refuse!" Aged, tender steaks cause taste buds to stand up and take notice at the Old San Francisco Steak House, served in an atmosphere of the plush 1890s. Topless and bottomless dancers are featured nightly at the Bottoms Up night club. Cesar Palace shows adult movies to go along with its very lively girls, as does the Club Venus. Swingers are welcome at the Jet Set Club International where you can make a lasting impression on someone of your choice. In a city that boasts the world-famous Astrodome and the Astroworld entertainment complex, you just know that they have massage parlors. Some of the best can blow your mind with pleasure, like the Scandinavian Spa, Dee's Massage, Shangrila and the French Quarter Health Spas. The professional sports scene is very active in February. In the NBA, the Houston Rockets host: Golden State, the 4th; Atlanta, the 7th; New Orleans, the 14th; Portland, the 18th; Philadelphia, the 21st; Cleveland, the 25th; and Chicago, the 28th. The Aeros of the WHA are at home to: New York, the 5th and 20th; Winnipeg, the 13th; Minnesota, the 17th; Edmonton, the 23rd; and Vancouver, the 24th and 26th.

BRIGITTE



A little bit of a voyeur, but also an active and exciting sex partner is our Danish pastry, Brigitte.



March is a very appropriate time to feature this gal because her men all go in like lions and wind up like lambs. She's one of the few women bold enough to admit to excitement at the sight of a stiff joint and one of the many willing to accommodate any reasonable desire of a man.

Three years ago, in order to meet more people with similar ideas and get more opportunities to participate in her favorite pastime, Brigitte began writing

to several of the swingers magazines and found that some of the letters and photos she received in response to her ads were almost as erotic as the men she dated and later entertained on her recreation room couch. (She says that only one man will ever get into her bedroom and she's still looking for the right man.)

Her polaroid collection has now reached staggering proportions with men and women, alone or together,









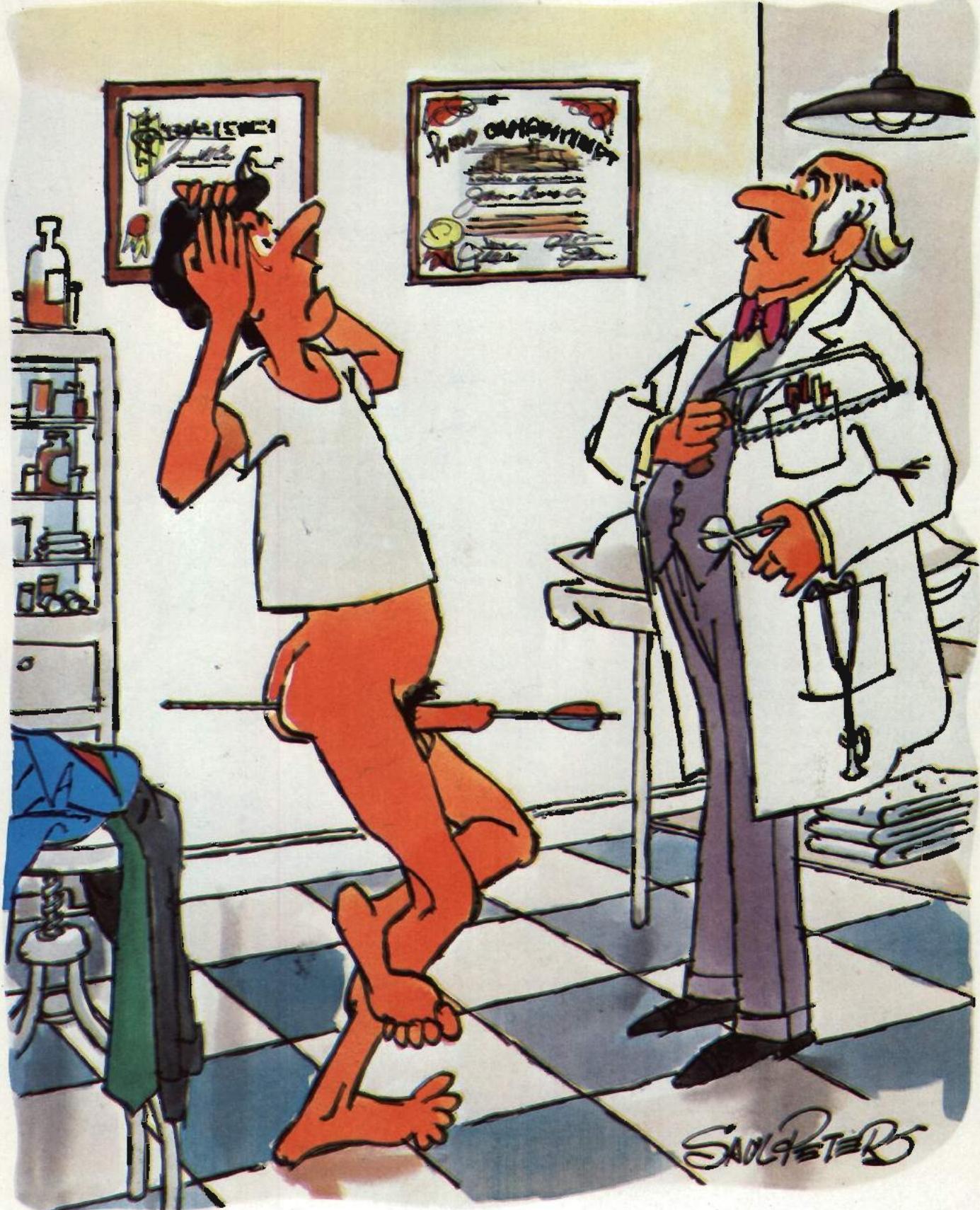
doing nearly everything imaginable sexually. The best, she indicates, is one of a woman satisfying five men at one time with her mouth, pussy, ass and both hands in constant action.

Her animal pictures are also becoming more numerous with dogs getting most of the action. However, a few of the women are into ponies—or is that the other way around?

Being an imaginative sort, she recently put in an ad asking men to

describe what they'd do if they had her on the couch. This brought an overwhelming response and many of the suggestions were just physically impossible, like fucking through a pillow or hitting the slit with a flying leap. One of the best replies that was not too far-out came from a timid sort who wound up his dissertation with, "You are one woman that I wouldn't mind going the '68' route with—that's where you let me go down on you and you can owe me '1'."





Saul Peter B

"Doc, how did I know her husband is an archery buff?"





SOME NEW FACES IN THE OLDEST PROFESSION

by Ross Klavan

They call it "the oldest profession" and maybe it is. Sin of the ancients, pastime of the kings, comforter of soldiers. Painted woman, pro, hooker, harlot, whore, bimbo, lady of the evening . . . "I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring farm boys . . ."

No more.

There are new faces in this oldest of professions, younger faces and plain; and here in the neon night of New York City the castaways of the Flower Child Generation take the ten minute bus ride from Greenwich Village to mid-town and there sell what had once been free.

"Why free-fuck when you can make bucks at it? . . .

. . . same as I was doing before except now it's paying off . . .

. . . took me a long time to stop being stupid . . ."

Her name is Jolay. She is 23, tall, thin, pretty when she's had a night's sleep, and on the street since age 17. Jolay came to the Village in 1965, a runaway from a small town in upstate New York, aspiring artist, craftsman, poet, singer, hippie . . . anything.

"That was Flower time," Jolay says. "If you left home with no place to go, you always had the Village. Free living, right? Shit. Just bedding with one old

man after another . . . and then I smartened up. Why free-fuck when you can make bucks at it?" Jolay started turning tricks. "First, I wanted to support my man, you know, an artist, no work — lots of art. Only it turned out to be no work — lots of talk, so I left him. But easy money . . . you don't leave that so quick."

So Jolay picked up the pieces and formed something for herself. For the past three years she has been building a stable of girls — runaways, drop-outs, all with that slightly dissipated clean-face look — girls who turn the codes of the Love Generation into cash. For some, the transition is easy. But this is a new generation, weaned on an explosion of sexual liberty, war, riots and political strife. They are better — and tougher — than the old pros who grew up with old standards.

"I like them street-smart and good in bed," Jolay says. "Most of them are fine once they get rid of all that goddamn sweetness. They don't mind balling, but I have to show them that good balling doesn't come direct from Heaven or out of some song. They wait for it; and I have to show them it's not like the movies, with music and bells and all that shit. You got to work

66 . . . hidden there, near enough to the bed for easy reach, . . . her girls keep a good workable knife. 99

for a good lay; you got to work to please a man, and maybe relax and enjoy it yourself . . . but not too much."

Jolay's girls work two shifts: a 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. shift to catch the massive homebound commuter rush around Grand Central Station, and an 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. shift for the night people and singles bar unluckies. It is a stable of seven girls now and Jolay watches over them like a litter-proud bitch.

"I keep them good girls," Jolay says. "They can spot a cop-customer just by talking to him. And if they can't, if they keep on winding up at the station house, then they go find someplace else to work."

The girls stand always in places that afford the greatest protection: near doorways, stores, coffee shops, anywhere they can disappear fast. More experienced girls stand closer to oncoming traffic and warn of approaching prowl cars. Some carry shopping bags. Some sit at a luncheonette counter throughout the evening. Some watch through the window or doorway of the nearby walk-up hotel. They are careful of their customers. Most have a fear and distrust of men who look too fearful, whose hair is cut too short, or have the telltale pistol bulge around the left breast, small of the back or ankle. For three years the New York City police department has launched periodic surprise "clean-up" raids in the area and it is not uncommon to see passers-by take up a girl's offer while a friend stands one block away watching, preparing to call in on a walkie-talkie radio.

"I try to teach them to stay out of trouble," Jolay says. "Most of these girls are used to narco cops and dudes like that. I try to teach them to stay away and then both of us will be making good money for a long, long time."

There are other things to teach. "These are hippie chicks," Jolay says, "and I don't care what's been said about them, they learn to fuck like

children. Maybe they been fucking with children, too. But you've got to be real good to a customer to keep him coming back . . . and I teach them to be good. Most guys come to us for what they can't get from a wife or girlfriend, or because they're lonely or because we're professionals and know what we're doing. But with all the talk about a sexual revolution, you'd be surprised to see what these little girls don't know. They may be a Love Generation, but they sure don't know the fine points of fucking."

Jolay herself takes on a small group of regular customers, men who have known her for a while. Most of her business is conducted out of a small apartment by appointment only . . . an apartment that shows no trace of the nearly \$1,500 she takes in each week.

"I bring these girls in and set them up with a place to stay and work out of," Jolay says. "I clean them up, give them some clothes, feed them, and send them out to earn some money. They each make maybe \$500 a week. That's not bad, tax-free. I have friends who treat them real good and make sure nobody bothers them too much . . . and also make sure they hand in everything they make."

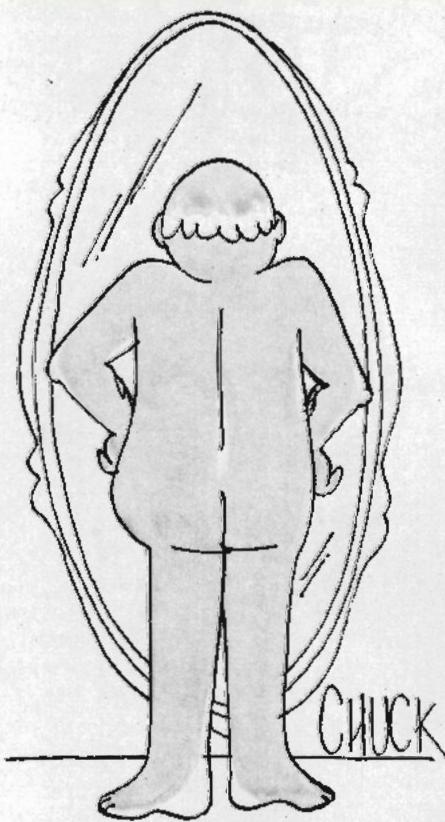
So, with all of that money, Jolay and her stable can only live in one-room apartments. And hidden there, near enough to the bed for easy reach, Jolay suggests her girls keep a good, workable knife.

"I teach them to cut up a man, sure. You get in some bad ass situations here. A guy might get his kick beating you up and go a little too far, and sometimes you just get a full-mooner. There are plenty of them in this city."

Jolay's girls range in age from 17 to 24. All of them came to the Village and now they can no longer make use of their generation's words or slogans. "They been free-fucking long enough," Jolay smiles. "And I'm the one who had to smarten them up."

In the summer of 1971, Joanna came to the Village. She is a 24-year-old Texan who never lost her accent, thrives on telling about stealing cartons of cigarettes when she was 19, and who had to find another home town at the age of 21 when most of the Flower Era was over. Joanna was not trying out a cultural trend; she was just staying out of prison.

"I didn't think of myself as a hippie or anything when I came to New



"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
who's hung best of all?"

York," Joanna says. "I just was looking for an out with a capital 'O'. But after a while I liked it down here. Then I started doing pills and shit. Once in a while I'd turn a trick, but I never wanted that all the time. Who the hell wants to be going down on 80-year-old fat men?"

But it wasn't that way. As the working girls get younger, so do the customers. "I get a lot of college kids," Joanna says, "young guys in some kind of business, some kids who can't even buy a drink. It seems the easier pussy is to get, the more they come to me. Most of those guys could have any chick they want."

Joanna works out of hotels and rarely uses her apartment. She feels safer when more people are around. She is frequently arrested, but usually on charges of loitering. In New York, a prostitution arrest usually comes only after an exchange of currency and Joanna has a good eye for plain-clothes police.

"I don't mind them," she says. "They can give you a hard time, but after they know you — and they do get to know you — they'll usually just chase you off the street for a while. It's a pain in the ass to keep pulling people in for loitering."

Joanna is no longer pretty. She covers up the long nights with too much make-up and there is a distant, bored look in her eyes. "After a while," she says, "it's just what you do. You come out on the street and fuck for a while and then go home and watch TV. Most people think we're all dykes with black pimps and a bad jones (drug habit), but that's bullshit. Maybe some are, but most of what people say is just bullshit."

For Joanna, the distance between free love and pay-for-play was only a brief bus ride. No soul-tearing moral dilemma; no drama. "It just seemed to happen," she says. "I just did it. I'd had it so much the other way, sleeping around with lots of guys. It wasn't such a fucking big deal. I don't want to get married. I don't want anything. I wrote to my parents once and told them how well I was getting along and they sent me back many happy returns. If they ever asked what I was doing I'd just lie to them. Everybody lies. And everybody's selling something, don't let them tell you they aren't."

Barbra has tried to sell herself in several places; the street is not only dangerous, it's boring.

Old prostitutes never die . . . they just sit in bars. Old prostitutes will coax a customer, make him feel as if he's "helping with the rent" or "just lending" some money until the alimony check comes through. Not so with the new breed. If they have learned anything from the sexual revolution of their youth, it is that everybody likes a lay. If one man gives you a hard time — wait. There'll be another.

"I'll give you \$25," he says, bargaining.

"\$30," she says.

"How 'bout \$25?"

"How 'bout you take your ass on down the street."

She is 20; in jeans and turtleneck, long straight hair and wire-rim glasses. She looks like a secretary on her day off, but Barbra has been working the street for three years and regrets every minute she wasted "playing hippie."

"I used to take art classes," she says. "I used to take art classes all night and work as a waitress in the day. Maybe I was on my way to making a great contribution, but I was broke. So I started with some of the guys in my class, married guys; guys who were just looking to meet someone. I charged them a little bit and they liked it. The guy I live with thought it was a great idea. I think he likes to hear my stories."

Barbra made good use of one art lesson: "I always remembered you had to do something really different to be looked at. Like all the rock

THE PHILOSOPHER

The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead: his eyes are closed.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

groups. They each try to outdo the other. I wanted to be remembered, so I got a girlfriend and we go out together. One of us tags a john and then lets him know he can get two for just a little more than the price of one. For a little more than that we put on a show for him. It keeps them coming back. Group sex is . . . well, they don't put you in jail for it at least."

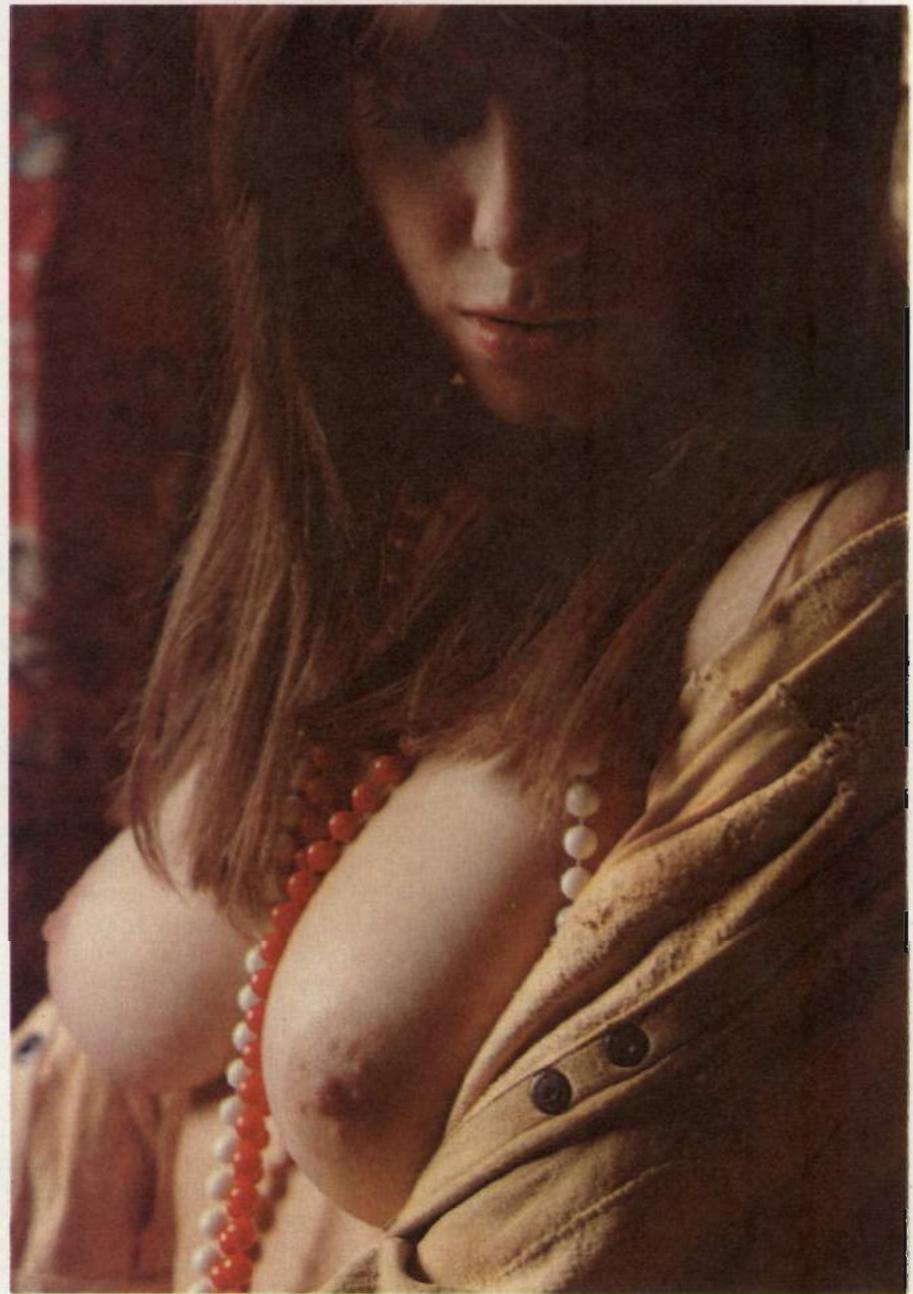
Barbra has tried to sell herself in several places; the street is not only dangerous, it's boring. She has gone to dance contests, night classes, bars and head shops. "With the right approach," she says, "I can do pretty well for myself." Before New York enforced strict drug laws, including mandatory sentences and no plea bargaining, Barbra smoked a joint with each customer "to put him at ease."

"I always go on a first-name basis," she says, "and I get phone numbers and sometimes go out on dates. My boyfriend and I have an understanding, you know? But once I met a guy who really turned me on and we saw each other, professionally as far as sex goes, but we went to dinner and everything, then we started fucking. I had to tell him, 'Hold it, baby, not only am I going to lose my boyfriend, I'm going to lose my job.' "

And it is only a job for her. She grew up in a period of sharp critical questioning, of distrust, of uncertainty. She equates herself with everyone else who works; everyone else who has "got to make a living some way." But there is no bitterness and no rationalization of "fallen virtue." It is the way she has chosen to live and there is a sharp edge that comes out when she feels the threat of attack.

"I don't want to argue about it," she says. "I'm not telling you how to live your life. I don't want any kind of high-class discussion about it. I just chose this. Sometimes I think maybe I'd like a husband with a nice house and three screaming children and time to sit and watch soap operas and worry about the rent. But after a while you start to forget the way it was. I listen to all the same music, Dylan, Simon, and all that, but it doesn't mean anything to me anymore."

She smiles and shakes her head. "I don't know," she says. "I guess you really do forget. I don't think I could ever go back."



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man who gives her satisfying affection
and complete honesty.





"My body is a little different than the average female. I guess you might say that I'm 'low-hung' or set further back than most."



"For this reason
I enjoy rear-entry positions more than
any other. It gives
me a closer feeling with my
lover."



"I find it easy to open up
and accept a person
for what
they truly are rather
than what I would like them to be.
In return, I'm willing to give myself
completely with no exceptions
or strings attached."



"Sex is definitely my bag.
It's the most natural
and open way
to express yourself to any individual.
The philosophy I've set for myself
is to live and let live, and
to love and let love be
my way of living. "



"Is oral sex all you ever think about?"



The MC asked a couple what their favorite T.V. program was. The wife said she enjoyed wrestling on Saturday nights. The MC said, "I didn't ask about your sexual habits; I want to know your favorite T.V. program."

Two old maids were reading about a woman who had cremated her husband. "How do you like that?" said one. "Some of us can't get any man and others have husbands to burn."

"There is only one thing that bugs me about this revolution bit," confided the radical to a fellow activist, "and that's what will happen to our unemployment checks when we overthrow the government."



Hollywood is getting suspicious about a certain star. The guy uses a stand-in for the love scenes.

A shaggy young maiden named Doris
Had a practical lover, named Morris,
Who would sigh, "Oh I swear,
I would kiss you right THERE,
But I can't see the cave for the forest!"

hustler humor

Some men may need direction not just push,
Because they seem to beat around the bush!

After bailing his fianceé, he told her the engagement was off. She blew her top. "What do you mean our engagement is off?" she screamed. "Well, I told you once the girl I marry must be a virgin and since you're no longer a virgin . . ."

Girl: Do these birth control pills have any side effects.

Doctor: Only if you forget to take them.

She has sex insomnia — can't keep her thighs closed.

"I hear the boss fired you, Joe."

"Yeah, I made a terrible mistake — I caught him in bed with my wife."



Then there's the princess who kissed a frog and got warts on her lips.

He: "Let's take a walk in the moonlight."

She: "I'd really love to, but I only have a second."

He: "That's all right . . . I'm an efficiency expert."

A square is a guy who goes to a massage parlor and asks for a massage.

Definition of saddle bag: A disease of the scrotum among cowboys.

Are you into joke telling with no one to listen? Tell 'em to us and make some money at the same time. We pay standard freelance rates. Send all jokes to Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.





THE SURROGATE

by Ellis Bartlett

Hal Tomlinson's watch confirmed what he already suspected: he was going to get there too early. Annoyed at his misjudgment, he got off the bus two stops short, deciding to use up the time looking at shop windows. The first store, a dry-cleaner, was closed and dark inside, the window clearly reflecting his image: a well-dressed man of twenty-five. Alice was given to flattery, but the tanned face he saw told him that her admiration was at least partially justified.

Alice . . . it had been too long. He had missed her. And he still had fifteen minutes to kill before he could start for their new house. He wondered why she had been so insistent that he arrive exactly at 9 a.m. Her husband? No, Fred left for work at 7:30, the only way he could beat the morning rush-hour traffic. Lighting a

cigarette, Hal moved on down the line of store fronts.

The whole crazy business had started about three years ago, early on a Monday afternoon. He had gotten up from a restless sleep, not really aware of just what it was that had prevented him from getting the rest that he needed in order to keep his eyes open during his shift at Carl's All-Night Cafe. It was only when he emerged from the shower that he heard the sound of excited voices from the young couple who had just moved into the apartment below his.

"No! . . . Please don't . . . I just can't . . . with you looking . . . going? . . . leave me! . . . Don't, please don't!"

A loud crash was followed by the sound of a violently slammed door. "I shouldn't," he thought as he strode to the door. "It's probably just an ordinary husband-wife quarrel." But

the sounds of violence echoed in his mind. Without thinking further, he ran down the stairs, three at a time, his bath towel hastily tucked around him. When he reached the apartment, he saw that the door had been slammed so hard that it had bounced open again. "Are you alright?" he called as he rushed in. But there was no one in the shambles of a living room. The crash that he had heard must have been made by the heavy cabinet that was on its face. He moved around the mess to the doorway on his left, the source of muffled sobs since he had come in. A woman lay on the bed, legs drawn up, her head buried in a pillow. Aside from the thick terry cloth robe and the long black hair, he could see little of her. "Hey," he said softly, "is there anything I can do? Do you need help?"

A slim hand came out from under the pillow and waved him away. "Go . . . go . . . away . . . no' . . . can't help . . . don't want . . . oh, oh, . . ." The deep sobs shook her body.

Helplessly, Hal started to back out of the room. "I live right above you," he said. "That's the only reason . . . Look, if you do need help, I'll be home until 8 o'clock." There was no response from the bed.

But it was her face that struck him. Without a trace of makeup, . . . it was . . . the most beautiful face that he had ever seen.

Back in his apartment, Hal tried to concentrate on shaving. Gloomily, he scraped away with the blade that should have been discarded a week ago, but he couldn't afford new ones. He was further discouraged by the thought that he really couldn't afford much of anything. His salary was totally committed to the great passion of his life: women. Even though he had a BBA degree, he didn't use it, preferring to wait on tables to the deadly boredom of the junior executive's life. He missed the money, of course, but his days of crewing for rich men not only satisfied his need to sail on boats he could never have afforded otherwise, but also provided him with an endless supply of lovely, bored rich men's daughters. Most of them had sailed since they were little girls and they were as much attracted

by Hal's expert boat-handling as they were by his good looks. He was deeply engrossed in thoughts about these girls when he heard a timid knock on the door.

"Come in!" he called, annoyed at this unwelcome intrusion. But his irritation vanished when he realized that the hesitant girl entering the room must be the distraught wife he had seen downstairs.

"Hullo," she said, with the suggestion of tears still in her voice. "I'm Alice Perkins, your new . . . neighbor . . . and I just came up to apologize for disturbing you. And . . . to thank you for . . ." But her voice trailed off and she stood there, looking at the floor, a picture of abject misery. She was dressed in a grey sweater and matching slacks, subdued and in the best of taste. But it was her face that struck him. Without a trace of makeup, and with eyes still slightly red, it was, nevertheless, the most beautiful face that he had ever seen. Before the long lashes had hidden them, her coal-black eyes had seemed to pull him down into their exciting depths. The delicately sensuous curves of her lips were imitated by the long waves of richly thick hair that cascaded over her shoulders. She couldn't have been much over nineteen, but she was certainly the finest specimen of womanhood he had ever seen!

Hal realized that, despite all of his experience in putting girls at their ease, he was so affected by this lovely creature that he had allowed her to stand there, uneasily enduring his absorbed inspection.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm Hal Tomlinson and I guess I am a little disturbed; more by you than by that commotion!" His girl-charming experience came back to him, providing the boyish grin and warm assurance that were the signals of a new seduction in progress. It was automatic; he had given up trying to turn it off, even when the time was not right, or the goal apparently unattainable. "Have a seat. Here, I guess this is the only comfortable chair."

Alice followed him and settled down into the battered old easy chair with a sigh. "I suppose," she said, "that you must be thinking all sorts of things about me." His enthusiastic nod brought a quick blush to her face. "I mean . . . about the commotion you heard." *continued on page 90*



"That reminds me . . . I left my thermometer in somebody's ass in 401!"

MICHELLE





The French Government missed a solid trade bet when it allowed Michelle to become a U.S. citizen. The European leaders could easily have swapped her on the open market for a million bushels of anything they needed. But America received its "bushel," minus the bush, to beautify the landscape as HUSTLER Honey for March. And what could be a better avenue to success in the "land of opportunity" than to be selected as centerfold for a growing men's magazine which caters to men's current tastes?

Listening to Michelle tell it, we gained the goodies in virgin condition — quite a trick for a lovely lass who has tempted men for many of her 18 years.

"My parents weren't very strict with me," says Michelle in a lifting accent, "but they helped me set a code of morals about sexual matters."



HUSTLER'S HONEY MARCH 1975









"When I lose my virginity, it will be with a man who is after more than just a quick mating. And I feel that I have a much better chance to find such a man, or men, in this country."

Since much fascination has been shown recently by men wanting to see shaved pubic areas, Michelle took the initiative to "bare all" for the HUSTLER camera. "I gave it a lot of thought before I shaved myself," adds our fair,

flaxen-haired gal, "and now I'm happy that I did. It makes me feel, how do you say, more exciting; more sexy." Michelle makes it no secret that she's after a man — not necessarily a husband — to share life and liberties.

"I feel that there may be more than just one person in the world for me and since I've begun the search, it's only fair to warn American men, I'm out to find you!"



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*"Can you have one of your girls put on a sloppy housecoat and her hair up in curlers? I'm in town
on a business trip and I'm homesick for my wife."*



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HUSTLER

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DICK DROST AND HIS NAKED CITY



HUSTLER PROFILE

by John R. Handcock

In northern Indiana there exists a Mr. Drost, 38, who surrounds himself with beautiful nude women and uses an exclamation mark on his dick, like this: "Dick."

Other than that, Dick Drost leans to fantasies. He will lapse into a wild money-making dream. When he awakens, he plunges headlong into scheming to make the dream a reality. He is almost always successful.

If Drost were called upon to redesign the U. S. dollar, he would color it nipple pink and replace George Washington's image with a splendid cunt, with clit prominently protruding. On the flip side would be an array of curvaceous tits, asses, legs, and honey-dripping tongues. His dollar bills, of course, would become collectors' items and sell for \$5 each, thus erasing the national debt.

Drost (rhymes with "roast") is the major domo of Naked City, Indiana,

a 300-acre all-purpose wonderland near the hamlet of Roselawn in Newton County (pop. 11,806). There he operates four enterprises simultaneously. Five, if you include Cheryle.

Naked City is best known for its five summer contests like Miss Nude America and Miss Nude World featuring some of the most bewitching females ever to drop their panties.

The public may observe this fantastic flesh parade from only a few feet away, or photograph it if they wish, merely by handing Drost \$15 per male or \$5 per female. They can kid around with the contestants and after the festivities they can ask some of the more outgoing lasses to pose for them, which they do in many interesting ways.

Nothing like this has ever happened before in the U. S. of A. Drost has given the voyeurs of the world a release for their pent-up id; he has also provided the pulpits with a new "agent

of the Devil" for Sunday morning damnation. He's provided something for everyone.

Drost's insight into people's secret desires stems from his own experiences early in life. At an age where most clean, young, American youths were out chasing broads, Dick was imprisoned in a wheelchair. No past, certainly no future—and broke. What was worse, he felt those stirrings down yonder in the family jewels and couldn't do a thing about it. Hell, he had never even seen a nice set of knockers in person.

When, at long last, he conquered that dilemma, Drost began to acquire undercover foes. Their names were Hate, Jealousy and Envy. Every one of his ideas inspired new opposition.

Here is his latest:

"We now have a 2,300-foot grass landing strip for light aircraft. My ultimate goal is to build one 8,000 feet long out of concrete. Four-engine jets

will be able to land here with loads of tourists. And we'll fly in the most gorgeous girls from Europe, Asia and Mexico for our contests."

Five will get you ten that Dick will do exactly that.

The thought of a DC-10 thundering into peaceful, farm-oriented, Bible-reading Roselawn is fascinating to contemplate, as Drost already knows.

He'll probably get flak from the same types who harassed him before. Some of the farmers will claim that because of the jet noise, their cows are giving birth to deformed calves. The Ku Klux Klan will complain that the jets passing overhead blow-out the flames of their blazing crosses.

Drost's head has been in the clouds for a long time. He flies celebrities to his contests in helicopters. Private planes bring in spectators from all over the country. He offers fly-in breakfasts (served by nudies) to private pilots.

Once, at his urging, three bare-assed skydivers—one a woman—floated down directly into the midst of a Miss Nude America pageant. It gave a new viewpoint to nudism and its "unlimitations."

Subconsciously, he almost wished

bombshell Cheryle, stepped stitchless into the basket of a seven-story hot air balloon and went drifting merrily over the Blue Nose countryside.

You have to be quick to catch Cheryle in clothes, ever. Her customary place is cuddling in Dick's lap while he conducts business in his electric wheelchair.

(For the records Cheryle is 5 feet 5, weighs 100 on the button, and measures—ready?—38-21-36.)

If you are a soft-porno freak, he will sell you a Naked City postcard for 25 cents or a Dick Drost magazine for \$2, special price. If you are a camera nut, he'll let you shoot Cheryle for half an hour, \$25. If you're an oil mogul and have to get to Beirut for lunch, he'll rent you a Boeing 747 for only a few thou. If you are a truck driver, you can turn on your Citizen's Band shortwave radio, contact Drost's CB set, attached to his chair, and tell him you're coming in for dinner. His radio handle is "Nude Wheels."

One of Dick's new ventures is running a truck stop which he promises will become the world's largest and zingiest. Drivers humping their semi-trailers along Interstate Highway 65 between Indiana's industrial Calumet Region, Indianapolis and points south, can cut off at County Route 10 and deposit their rigs in the Naked City parking lot.

For \$2, the driver can shower, shave, take a sauna or whirlpool bath, shoot a game of pool and enjoy a fine dinner at going prices in the Adam and Eve restaurant. The waitresses, naturally, are nude.

Dessert is a gourmet's delight. It's Cheryle. After dinner, over their coffee, the drivers are treated to her whipped cream-honey-candle-and-banana dance.

While the stereo plays "The Stripper," Cheryle hastens to remove flimsy see-through apparel. She bumps, grinds and whirls from table to table. Each diner who removes his shirt, or pants, is rewarded by Cheryle with an aerosol squirt of whipped cream in the palm of one hand. Then he is entitled to apply the goo to Cheryle's bod.

"Some of them put it on my breasts, some on my bottom, some on my vagina," she reports. "It all depends on a man's taste."

Once she is whipped-creamed on all vital parts, a drawing is held. The

NAKED CITY

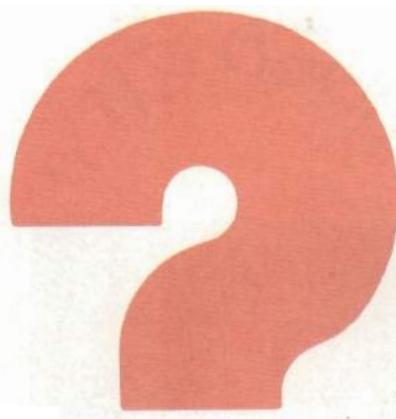


one of the chutes would have got hung up in a local church steeple so the townsfolk could cluck: "See? Sin, sin, sin."

Only the other day Drost's mistress/Girl Friday, the green-eyed blonde



"Say . . . that reminds me of a funny story."



write your own ticket

TELL US ABOUT YOU

How many copies of **HUSTLER** have you read? _____

How many of your friends and relatives read **HUSTLER**? _____

What other men's magazines do you read, if any? _____

Your age _____

City and State where you live _____

Occupation _____

Education level _____

Male or female _____

All of us at **HUSTLER MAGAZINE** would like to take this time to thank you for your overwhelming support and interest. We feel that our magazine is *your* magazine and foremost in our minds is giving you the best possible publication available. To do this, we would like you to review our past efforts and help us plan our future.

PHOTOGRAPHY

What type of photography do you like to see?

Girl Boy/Girl
Girl/Girl

Dressed in:

Fine Lingerie
Stockings & Garter Belt
Bra & Panties
Or completely nude

What type of shots do you enjoy most?

Ass Breast Crotch
Open pussy

Tell us the level of interest at which you find the following editorial features in **HUSTLER**.

	Good	Average	Fair
Bits & Pieces	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Entertainment Guide	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Editorials	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Reviews	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Interviews	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Advice & Consent	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Fiction	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Non-Fiction	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Fashion	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Who would you like to see interviewed? _____

What type of stories would you like to see?

Adventure Sports Current Events Business & Finance Automotive Wine & Food Travel Science Fiction Sex Oriented Fiction or Non-Fiction

Thanks for your help. Now simply mail this information to us so that we may plan future issues of **HUSTLER** for your pleasure and taste. And if you have any further comments, send us a letter. We'd be glad to hear from you.

man who has the lucky number on his paper napkin gets to wipe off Cheryle, or lick it off if he chooses.

Why doesn't this raunchy place get busted?

Drost, who is no dummy, knows what the drivers know. If they don't behave themselves, they'll spoil a good thing. Besides, no liquor is served and the men don't have much time; they're just taking a break from work. Sometimes their wives meet them in the Adam and Eve to share the fun.

Naked City bumper stickers and the CB radio network publicize Drost's unique truck stop far and wide. Recently a driver reported that he had heard about it in Seattle.

Dick is on good terms with the police because his policy is good clean fun. He knows most of the cops and they drop in for coffee occasionally. He hires off-duty officers as security guards for his special events.

There was no such harmony in 1968 when Dick and his family appeared on the scene. The whole place almost went up for grabs.

Since 1933, the secluded wooded area had been devoted to a conventional nudist colony owned and quietly operated by a sunshine-and-health purist, Chicago attorney Alois Knapp. He called it Zoro Nature Park.

Knapp played it by the rule book. At that time nudists were a sort of secret society. Their compounds were havens for dedicated sun worshipers, mostly middle-agers and up who wanted a bit of exercise and a tan all over without intrusion or publicity.

Two of the members who joined in 1960 were Albin and Edith Drost, of Chicago. On weekend outings at Zoro, they'd bring along their handicapped son, Richard, who was in his 20s. Later, interviewers wrote that young Richard did the sunshine bit for his health.

"Not really," Dick confides. "I just wanted to see naked women. And I was disappointed; I didn't see many. There were some older, heavy-set women and one teen-ager who wasn't there all the time. So I'd come down with my parents from Chicago, hoping to see this teenage girl in the nude, you know, jumping and jiggling everything, and she wouldn't be there. It was very disconcerting. So I'd just get bit by mosquitos, get sunburned, and talk to a bunch of older people

NAKED CITY



which wasn't very nice. It ruined my whole weekend."

So he thought maybe if he could buy the place he could get some girls to come out, somehow.

In the late 1960s, Richard had become dramatically successful in his own business in Chicago and had some money.

For three years he pestered the owner to sell out to him. Knapp was in his 80s and his wife wanted him to retire. Finally he sold out to Drost—the name, the buildings, and the membership list—for \$100,000.

The only facilities on the land were a primitive volleyball court, some cottages and a swimming pool. All in all, a pretty shoddy layout.

Drost fixed up the pool, added the concrete "Sundial" stage where bare beauties now tread, and put in concrete sidewalks and benches.

He thought the name Zoro Nature Park sounded like a zoo or a wildlife sanctuary, so he changed it to *Naked City*.

That did it. The new name enraged local religious fanatics and the Ku Klux Klan.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Our daily thoughts should be elevated above the ceiling.

W. W. LOFLIN

Even the neutral townsfolk were disturbed by the newcomers. They were accustomed to Knapp and his quiet ways and here come these suspicious-looking people, obviously gangsters from Chicago, driving those two long black limousines in hood-lum style.

Dick had picked up the limos, both 1964 Lincoln Continentals, at a bargain. He paid \$5,000 for his favorite, which originally cost \$25,000 and had been owned by Dean Rusk, one-time U. S. Secretary of State. This auto is now equipped with walkie-talkie, telephone, TV set, and the interior is fuzzy pink fur. Dick and Cheryle call it "The Pink Pussy."

When he took over the dilapidated nudist colony, Drost already had his headquarters in mind. It would be a round steel, aluminum and glass building 101 feet in diameter with one-way mirrors for exterior walls.

The structure would house everything a dreamer like Dick needed. Living space, an office with golden typewriters and see-through telephones, gymnasium, whirlpool bath, sauna, exercycles, a dancing area, fireplace, pool tables, juke boxes, TV sets, video recorders, sound recorders, movie and slide projectors and—plenty of undressing space for the abundance of chicks he hoped to assemble.

The regional Ku Klux Klan leader ran a little store in Roselawn. He started a petition against Drost, which said the name Naked City endangered motorists because it got them excited and might cause accidents. And it also detracted from the name Roselawn (which Dick thought sounded like a cemetery). The petition claimed people thought Roselawn actually was Naked City and strangers would go to the town looking for nude people.

The storekeeper's customers signed the petition, no doubt in fear that if they didn't, crosses would be burned on their front lawns.

When Dick's mother heard about the petition, she was so angry that she piled the family into one of the limos and drove them to the KKK leader's store. Ede Drost walked in, snatched up the petition and walked out with it.

About 15 minutes after they arrived back home, the Kluxer sped onto the grounds in his auto and demanded his

continued on page 70

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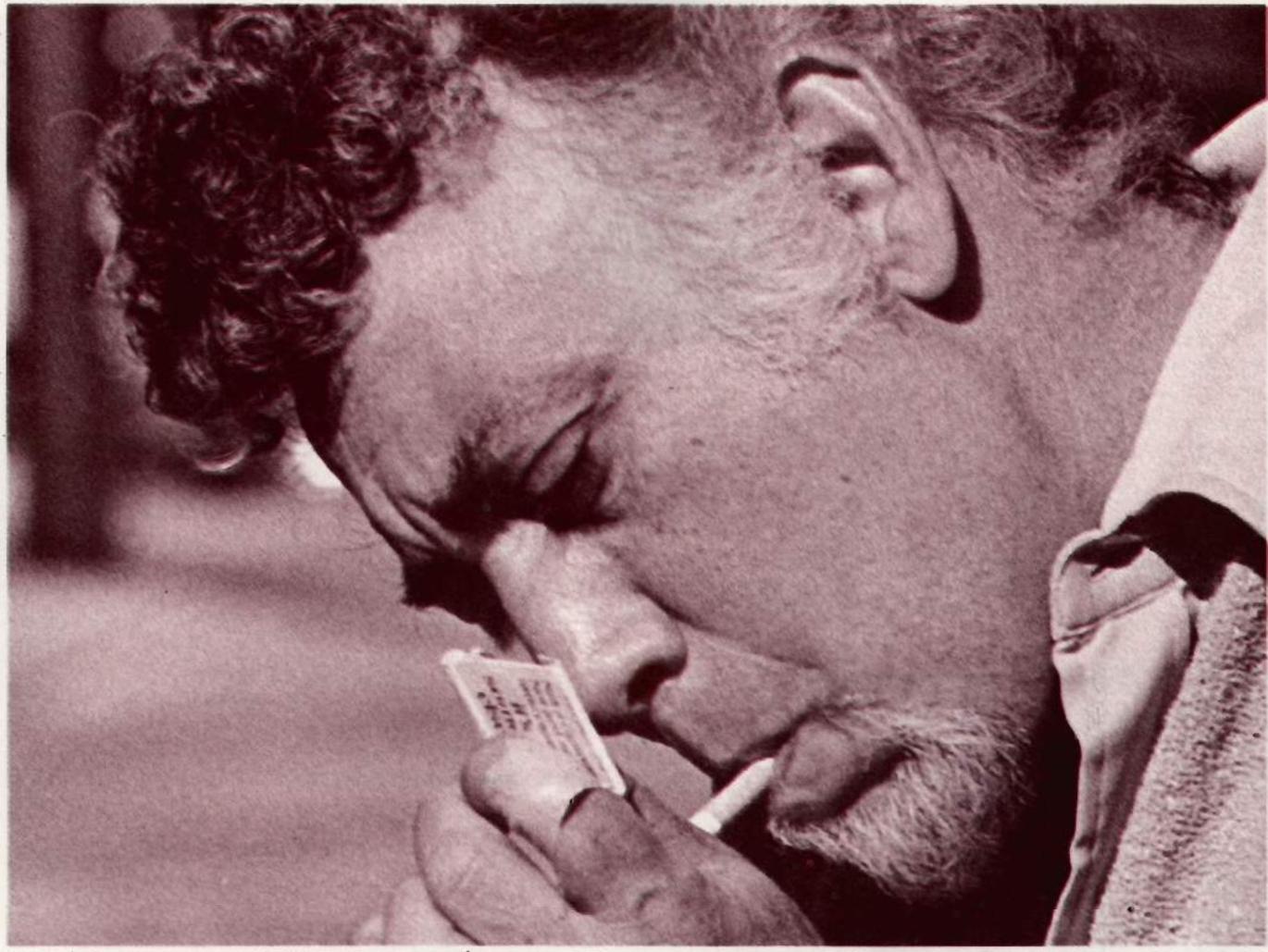


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As the man who took porno movies out of the hands of the raincoat-in-lap crowd and directed them toward the more sophisticated but sexually repressed public, Jerry Damiano has become a figurehead for the sexually explicit film industry. His direction of Linda Lovelace in "Deep Throat" exploded the low-budget film myth into a multi-million dollar smash. Though he continued his success with "The Devil in Miss Jones," "Memories Within Miss Aggie" and, more recently, "Portraits," he now proclaims that "pornography, as we have known it, is dead."

In this candid interview, Damiano reveals the problems involved in making porno films and cites a political power structure that seeks to keep Americans in the dark ages of sex.

GERALD DAMIANO

By James Martin

HUSTLER: You've pretty well established yourself as the premiere filmmaker in your field. You've received favorable reviews from "legitimate" critics, your films have made millions of dollars and been seen by millions of people — yet your work is still referred to as pornography. Does that bother you?

DAMIANO: I don't really like the word pornography because it sounds too derogatory, but I realize my pictures will be referred to as such, so I don't let it bother me. I prefer, however, the term "sexually explicit" when talking

about my films or any others in the genre that are of quality.

HUSTLER: Have you netted a lot of money from your successful films?

DAMIANO: Well, so far, I haven't seen much of it. Most of the money—about \$30 million to date — has been made by the moneymen. I made \$15,000 off "Deep Throat," and maybe \$200,000 off "The Devil in Miss Jones" — most of which I spent on legal fees. However, because I insisted on more control over the filming of "Memories Within Miss Aggie," I could make up

HUSTLER INTERVIEW

to \$2 million if the picture proves financially successful.

HUSTLER: How much money was spent in the making of these films?

DAMIANO: "Deep Throat" and "The Devil in Miss Jones" each cost about \$25,000; "Memories Within Miss Aggie" came in at \$50,000.

HUSTLER: That kind of return must have made your investors very happy.

DAMIANO: It certainly did, especially since they didn't have to take the brunt of the legal hassles. All they had to do was sit back and count their

money as it flowed in.

HUSTLER: What would you do with \$2 million if you should reap that kind of benefit off your last picture? Can you see investing it in a film project which would surpass any you've done to date?

DAMIANO: No, not really. I don't know what I'll do at this point. For the first time since I got into filmmaking, I don't know what my next project will be. I recently completed a film called "Portraits" which is a sexually-explicit spin-off on "The Three Faces of Eve," and should be my best film yet. There is only one whole person in it, an actress named Jody Maxwell, and she carries the entire film by herself — along with certain parts of the anatomy belonging to other individuals. From a directing standpoint, this film has been my toughest challenge, but Jody's performance makes it all worthwhile.



HUSTLER: For example?

DAMIANO: For example, she is only four credits short of a drama degree from the University of Missouri and this is her first hard-core film. She's had plenty of stage experience, so she can really act. I think people will be surprised at how good she is. Also, she has a sex gimmick which is even better than that of Linda Lovelace.

HUSTLER: What is it?

DAMIANO: She can give head and sing at the same time. Not just mumble, mind you, but sing so you can understand every word she's singing. She can also give head to two guys at the same time.

HUSTLER: Sounds thrilling. But why are you uncertain about what you'll be doing next? Are you growing bored with making sexually-explicit films?

DAMIANO: Yeah, in a way. There was a point at which I wanted to be a pioneer in this field and I think I was, but I don't have the drive any more. Up to now I've had a hunger to make films, but I feel that I've said everything I want to say in this genre. If I haven't, I guess I never will.

HUSTLER: What about making other types of films — legitimate films?

DAMIANO: I've had the offers and I suppose I could. But then again, I just may write a novel. Who knows?

HUSTLER: What about the field of hard-core films in general — reports are that the boxoffice is sagging, and even your last picture doesn't seem to be the boxoffice bonanza that your previous two were. Is pornography going to last much longer as a form of film expression?

DAMIANO: No, nothing is forever, as history has shown us. Pornography — I'll use the word — as we have known it, is gone.

HUSTLER: Yet there still seem to be plenty of films around. Even though theater owners are bemoaning the

created. This, in turn, created a curiosity on the part of a diverse audience, many of whom had never seen such sexually-explicit films before. A lot of people in this country, both men and women alike, have now seen at least one hard-core film. And unless the products — despite what Goldstein may say — start getting better, that audience is not going to see any more. They've satiated their curiosity and now they want some quality.

HUSTLER: So you now think that all but about 10 percent of the audience for hard-core films has dissipated?

DAMIANO: Yes, because the filmmakers have let them down by not making better and better films. We have got more sophisticated film techniques available in the hard-core film industry today and we have a more sophisticated audience. The use the filmmakers have put the techniques to, however, has not kept up with the taste of the audience.

HUSTLER: In what specific ways?

DAMIANO: Story line and film development. Pornography in itself is very

She can give head and sing at the same time. Not just mumble . . . but sing so you can understand every word she's singing.

fact that hard-core is not necessarily an avenue to hard cash anymore, people like Al Goldstein of Screw are being quoted as saying that sexually-explicit films are getting better than ever.

DAMIANO: Oh, sure. There will always be somebody out there who will continue making hard-core films. I don't particularly dig Hoola Hoops anymore either, but I'm sure somebody's out there making them. The point is, and I'm sure Al Goldstein would agree with me on this, despite the number of pornographic films being made, I don't think many people except the basic "raincoat in lap" crowd are going to see them — and that crowd is never going to support an industry.

HUSTLER: What would you say has kept the industry of pornography alive this long?

DAMIANO: Ninety percent of the audience for the hard-core films up to now has been a result of government censorship and the notoriety it

boring; there's nothing the least bit sexy about two or more people screwing or sucking in close-up. Yet, by and large, that's what the public is still being offered. In "Memories Within Miss Aggie" I gave the audience very little sex in relation to the amount of film footage. The reason is because I had a story line on which I wanted to concentrate without giving up all hard-core action. But it's only when the sexual activity is secondary to the story line that it becomes interesting on film. That's where I think most filmmakers have failed. Sex for sex' sake is passé, but no one has bothered to tell the people making hard-core films.

HUSTLER: Why do you suppose other filmmakers, like yourself, haven't seized the opportunities given them and made better hard-core films with more concrete story lines?

DAMIANO: I think it's simply a case of people being afraid or too complacent to move ahead. *Playboy*, when it continued on page 85

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continued from page 64

petition back. The Drossts by that time had copied the names of the signers, about 50 of them, and they gave him his petition.

In a neat bit of one-upmanship, Drost contacted the Federal Bureau of Investigation and told them the Klan was holding its outdoor hate meetings on ground adjacent to the nudist resort. He invited the FBI to use his facilities any time they wanted to place the Klan under surveillance. They accepted his cordial invitation.

More trouble ahead. The contractor who built the shell for the Glass House went bankrupt and failed to pay the subcontractors. The structure had cost Drost, by that time, \$113,000 without extras like interior walls, partitions, doors, wallpaper and paint.

The subcontractors — a glass company, a heating company and a plumbing company — filed mechanic's liens against Drost.

In county court, Drost produced canceled checks showing he had paid the contractor, but he could almost read the Judge's mind as he said to himself, "Ha! Now we've got this fellow who has been causing all the dissension in Newton County."

NAKED CITY



Drost lost. He served notice of appeal but had to post \$46,000 bond. Otherwise the court would have sold his place on the courthouse steps.

The Judge had told Drost's attorney in private that, "Everything was going

along fine until the Drossts came down here and changed the name to Naked City and started those infamous nude contests." Dick asked his lawyer to put the Judge's quote in writing and the lawyer did so, reluctantly. With this evidence of prejudice in hand, Dick sent out news releases to newspaper editors, columnists, and radio and TV stations, explaining the situation.

"The Judge is nice now," Dick says. "He doesn't want any more to do with us."

His case is still under appeal.

So 1968 was a year of getting settled. The next year, Drost started to promote his own ideas of nudity. He decided to hold a Miss Nude America contest. He sent invitations to politicians, movie stars, clergymen and news people.

He was pleasantly surprised by the response. About 1,000 persons from a cross-section of life showed up to view this extraordinary event, including clergymen. How does one evaluate sin without seeing it first-hand?

The oddity of such a contest reaped a great deal of publicity and Naked City was on its way.

Another of Dick's ideas paid off — female employees working in the buff. He advertised in classified sections of the papers for live-in girls. They came to work as chauffeurettes, typists, waitresses, lifeguardettes, models, photo studio assistants, security personnel and executive assistants. They received free lodging and meals, and their traveling expenses were paid.

When the female employees started arriving, male visitors did, too. Some brought their wives or girl friends and some signed on as members. The thing mushroomed.

Besides the large, phallus-shaped swimming pool, Naked City has an artificial Lake Venus for sports, a communal bathhouse for mixed use by all sexes, 42 tiny cabins in the woods which rent for \$6 to \$15 a night, a co-ed dormitory sleeping 50 (at \$5 a night), several cottages and mobile homes, a dancing pavilion, the 150-foot-diameter Sundial stage, volleyball and tennis courts, and a trampoline even!

Annual memberships cost \$100 for a family, an unmarried couple or a lone male. For a woman, it's \$50. A day's visit runs \$10 for a family or a male and \$2 for a woman.



"My wife's got one of those but it doesn't talk."

With certain obvious limitations, almost anything your heart desires is rentable at Naked City: cottages, limousines, real estate, trailer sites, trailers, tenting sites and tents, bicycles, ice skates, roller skates, tennis rackets, rafts, sleds and snowmobiles. If you and your soulmate suddenly need a towel, that also is available.

On non-contest Saturdays, regular members and guests stream in for such special events as:

"Artists and models day. You bring the sketchbook."

"Go fly a kite day on the fabulous Sundial."

"XXX-rated movie day. Bring your own films."

"College and university weekend. Students half-price."

"April showers day. Free soap and towel."

"Adult game day. Play Strip-Tac-Toe, Figleaf, Bottoms Up."

"The Tan-fastic Happy Nude Year's party."

Publicity had helped Naked City succeed. On the date of the second Miss Nude America contest, July 17, 1970, something occurred that bore all the signs of a press agent's stunt, but wasn't.

Among the people lining up to buy tickets that Saturday were two cocktail waitresses from a first-class restaurant in Valparaiso, Indiana.

Ede Drost was working the gate. When she informed the two ladies that the admission fee was \$10 each, they were crestfallen. They had only \$10 between them.

"Don't worry," Ede said, "if you enter the contest, you can get in free."

One of them, Marty Kuiper, 23, a 5-foot-4, brown-eyed blonde, took the challenge. She entered, stripped and displayed her 112-pound, 35-24-35 charms to the 3,000 spectators. And she won first prize of \$1,000.

Marty's fluke adventure added a wealth of publicity for Naked City as she later recounted her story on radio and TV. One widely circulated skin paper devoted a whole issue to Marty and the contest.

(Also, afterward Marty took her money and retreated to obscurity in the, ugh, clothed world.)

The following year an even more dynamic newsmaker burst upon the scene. She was Valerie Craft, 22, a professional stripper with more mov-

NAKED CITY



ing parts than a centipede. At 5-feet-5, she checked in at 37-23-37, had two crops of beautiful brown hair and an angel-wench face with flashing dark eyes.

"Happy Val" was not your ordinary stripper with the frozen smile and the automatic gestures. She brimmed over with magnetic femininity. Her smile dazzled. She loved to flounce around the Sundial as thousands whooped their admiration. She loved to churn her round bottom, loved to wriggle her C-cup boobies.

In the titillated imagination of every male watcher, Val was the girl-next-door who sang in the church choir, helped Mom in the kitchen and turned gang-bangs in the school parking lot after the basketball game.

Much to Drost's advantage, Valerie had an inborn sense of self-promotion. Moreover, her fiancé and manager, Earl Kitover — himself a fine looking nudist — knew what made good press and what didn't. Valerie was always ready with a catchy quote for the reporters.

Valerie had been arrested once for stripping, in Evansville, Ind. This only gave more publicity to Drost because

THE PHILOSOPHER

The man who cannot wonder is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Miss Nude America made the papers once again.

Valerie was determined to get busted a second time — in provincial Chicago. She announced she would take it off, take it all off, on Friday, Feb. 5, 1972, at the old Rialto burlesque on South State Street which was then specializing in jack-off flicks.

At a press conference in the theater basement before her performance, she told reporters and photographers: "I don't think that dancing in the nude is something a person ought to go to jail for. Nudism is a fight for personal expression."

She contended that being prohibited from dancing nude would violate her constitutional rights under the First Amendment. She said Chicago was the only major city in the nation where nude performances are banned.

"I think I'm lucky to be the girl who's gotten the chance to open up Chicago to nude dancing."

About 100 male customers were in the audience, plus a scattering of plainclothes cops. Press and TV cameramen crowded around the stage. On the edge of the stage sat a vice detective with a sour expression.

Val came out in a skin-tight street-walker's dress which she quickly shed, leaving her in black undies with garter belt and thigh-high stockings.

She promptly stripped these off and danced bare. Passing a long black feather over her body, she threw a bump at the vice detective. He blinked. She did a remarkable split virtually on top of the footlights, spreading out her cunny in all its splendor.

At that point, the Law stepped in. They didn't arrest Valerie. Instead, the Fire Prevention Bureau closed the theater for failure to comply with the fire code — it had no sprinkler system, lacked a fireproof curtain and had no 1972 city amusement license.

The police had screwed Valerie. They had refused to bite her bait and haul her away in a paddy wagon.

That day and the next, however, the kind of headlines Dick Drost cherishes blazed in the newspapers: "HER NAKED DANCE TOO HOT FOR SAFETY" and "FLESH FOUND INFLAMMATORY AT RIALTO."

Of course, the lead paragraph of each story labeled Val as Miss Nude America, exposure Drost couldn't have bought.

Valerie, a cooperative sort, returned as special guest at the next couple of Drost's contests. And the biggest day of her life happened at Naked City. She and Kitover were married there on Sept. 5, 1971. Both took the nuptial vows in the raw. Nude bridesmaids and best man were at their sides. The man of the cloth, too, was unfrocked. (Drost later said he had to get the parson bombed before he'd undress.)

Two of Drost's neighbors who resented his successes were Harvey and Irene Schmitt, owners of a straight nudist colony, Ponderosa Country Club, a couple of miles east of Naked City.

The Schmitts considered Drost in violation of 999 of the 1,000 physical, moral and spiritual ethics of nudism. Originally they had been members of Zoro Nature Park. After a falling-out with owner Knapp, they split and started their own colony.

Their newsletters to members and prospects shot sly darts at both Knapp and Drost. The same handouts left no doubt about Ponderosa's main trouble. It needed money.

In 1973, envy won out over principles and the Schmitts tried to out-Drost Drost. They recruited their

NAKED CITY



own strippers and go-go girls and started a battle of the nudies.

Ponderosa had one advantage over Naked City — its location. Motorists from the nearest main artery, Interstate 65, who swung west on Route 10

and headed for Naked City, came to the Ponderosa entrance first.

On the day of the Miss Nude World contest, Dick charges, Ponderosa planted men and women dressed as clowns on Route 10, directing traffic to their own contest. They diverted almost half of Naked City's potential customers, some contestants and news people, into their resort, according to Drost.

He charges that the clowns told people that they had arrived at a naked city without saying *the* Naked City, and that they were holding a Miss Nude contest, avoiding the words Miss Nude World.

In 1974, Ponderosa tried early-birding Drost. They held a contest on June 22, a week before his first event of the season. As sideshows they staged body painting and a mud wrestling match between women.

However, where Naked City had never had bad weather for a contest, Ponderosa got zapped by cold temperatures and threatening skies. It was a festival of goose pimples.

That's where the warfare stands now. No telling what Drost will come up with to counter the competition.

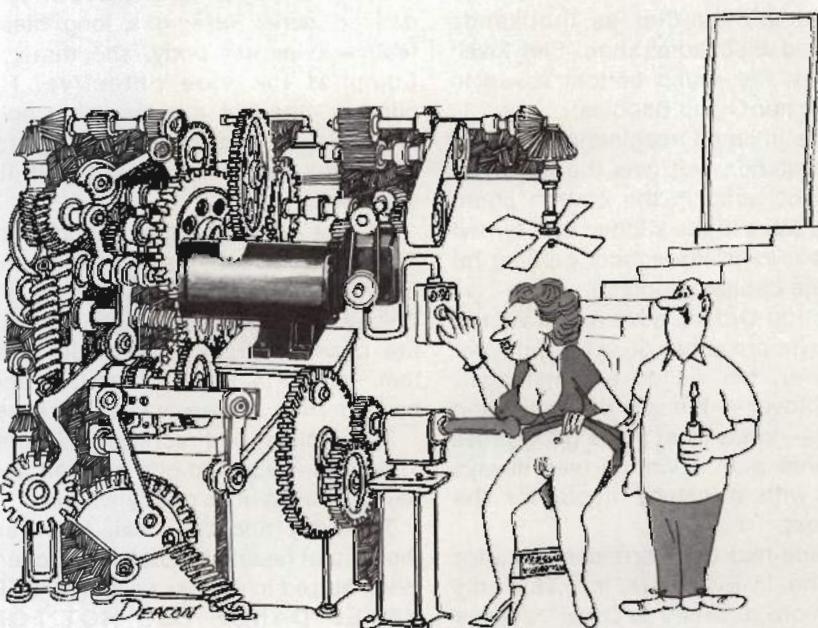
Don't sell short a man who once hired a rock band to play in the nude and a live tiger (sex kitten) to dress up his big days.

And he has had familiar names serve as judges, among them being: singer Johnny Ray, TV personality Archie Campbell, comedian Marty Allen, columnist Jim Bacon, author Erskine Caldwell, actor Robert Hutton, country and western singer Freddie Weller, dancer Babette Bardot, mad professor Irwin Corey, and big-bazoomed actress June Wilkinson. (Corey shed his clothes; Wilkinson didn't.)

Dick is afflicted with pseudo-hyperthrophic nonprogressive muscular dystrophy, a form that won't get any better, but won't get worse.

His parents knew something was wrong with Richard when he was in the first grade of public school, although he was able to walk until he was 14.

After first grade, they sent their son to Spaulding School, a Board of Education center for the handicapped. Ede got into volunteer work and for 25 years headed the Willing Helpers for Crippled Children. They raised money for the school, which was woe-



"Happy birthday, Edna — I hope you like it!"

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fully underfunded, for electric wheelchairs and such basic needs as bathing suits and towels.

Al Drost observed that most youngsters with muscular dystrophy who die are victims of respiratory troubles. The Drossts encouraged Richard to sing in order to build up his lungs. He took singing lessons once a week and mastered songs in seven languages. At age 16 he sang a stint with the American Opera Company. He completed two years of college studies in one year through courses telecast over WTTW, an educational station.

The boy had a fondness for opera and classical music and his parents bought him a tape recorder so he could cut sounds off the radio. He began corresponding with other handicapped music lovers and trading tapes with them.

One day in 1959, Richard phoned a recording company. He explained who he was and asked if he could rent a portable tape recorder to take to the opera. No, they couldn't do that, they said, but they had a proposal for him.

They were contracted with several advertising agencies to monitor their radio commercials. That way, the agencies would have proof if the ads they paid for weren't aired as ordered. It was a bother for them and, in addition, their recorders in the Loop picked up static. Would Richard be interested in doing this for them?

Richard, who had been worried about his future in a wheelchair, figured why not? He was sitting around listening to the radio anyhow. The job paid only \$1.75 a day, but he paid no rent and had no other overhead.

After doing this for a while, it dawned on young Drost that he had all those handicapped pen pals with tape recorders and this had terrific potential for his own nationwide monitoring business.

A number of the disabled and blind he contacted were eager to participate, and so Richard Drost's first enterprise was born.

Radio led to TV and by 1965 Richard had a flourishing company he called Videochex and he was able to pay himself a salary of \$100,000.

That year he placed a full-page ad in Advertising Age. It indicated he was developing a flair for showmanship.

Under a half-page photo of his face, the ad copy proclaimed:

NAKED CITY



ALMOST EVERYBODY LIKES RICHARD DROST (EXCEPT POSSIBLY A FEW COMPETITORS AND 3 TELEVISION NETWORKS.)

"Why fight success?" the ad asked. "You just can't beat Videochex . . . or Richard Drost."

Not bad for a little squirt operating out of his home.

Dick has since farmed out the bulk of the monitoring and turned to his more exciting projects; bigger and more spectacular nude beauty pageants, building up the world's largest truck stop, and a new venture, called J-E-T. He sells and leases larger jet aircraft to nonscheduled airlines, corporations, politicians and heads of state.

Drost runs ads in trade magazines designed for airline and business readership. If a company wants a 707 or DC-8 to fly personnel to its branches abroad, he finds the aircraft and sells it or leases it to the firm. Also helicopters and maybe even a hot air balloon with Cheryle in it.

A fifth dimension in Drost's world is advancing Cheryle's singing and dancing and modeling career.

This enticing hunk of woman

THE PHILOSOPHER

The poor man is not he who is without a cent, but he who is without a dream.

HARRY KEMP

stepped into Drost's life in 1971. "I was just learning to be a model," she says. "I was trained in Gary and was just starting to free lance in Chicago, making the rounds of agencies. Somebody told me I should go into photography. Not long after that I read Dick's ad in the paper. He was looking for girls. It said 'no experience necessary' and I didn't have any experience, so I applied.

Dick hired Cheryle and she became his all-purpose sidekick. She even learned to handle a camera and delights in shooting the resort's beauties. Her favorite angle is to lie on her back and point the lens up at a lady standing over her with limbs spread wide apart.

Cheryle inclines toward "wild" things such as stripping off her baby-doll pajamas during a taped interview in a radio studio last fall (1974) in Chicago. Afterward, she and Dick were dining in the back of "The Pink Pussy" limousine parked outside a cafe on Wells Street and the usual crowd of pedestrians gathered.

"Who are you?" one man asked Dick.

"I'm Dick Drost and this is Miss Nude America."

"If she's Miss Nude America, what's she doin' wearin' clothes?" So as the crowd gasped, Cheryle proved who she was.

With the trucker business in mind, Cheryle got a photo idea.

"There's a company called the Beaver truck line," she says. "I want to pose nude beside one of their trucks and then I can say I posed for the world's biggest beaver shot."

People ask Dick why females are willing to bare their bodies. Do they get some kind of perverted thrill?

"I think, like they say, 'if you've got it, flaunt it,' because life is short and a girl's figure doesn't last forever. For example, Cheryle tries to keep her figure. She exercises and dances and enjoys life and sex and fun. She should while she's young . . . even when she's 30 or 40 or older. While she has the shape, she should take advantage of it and exhibit it. There's nothing wrong with that."

Drost can tell you much more about nudism and how to operate a Naked City like his and gross \$300,000 a year or more.

And he's willing to tell you all this—for a price.

JOYCE



Keeping up with changing times is no problem for Joyce since she is very much in tune to the '70s and finds it easy to associate with the more liberal sexual approach to life.

That approach includes having been introduced to sexual pleasures eight years ago, at the age of 15, and now this voluptuous beauty is living with the current man in her life.



"I feel I was definitely born at the right time and I am very comfortable with my life," says our hostess from the Cleveland Hustler Club. "I can't imagine that I'd have handled it any differently even if I'd been born 50 years ago. The only contrast is that then I'd have been considered an outcast and now I'm just a normal person."

Joyce is a frequent traveler and finds the West Coast and Mexico the best places to visit. She also likes working with horses and wants to become a trainer.

"I've been riding horses for about 10 years because I love them and the outdoors. It's really a break from living in a big city, surrounded by buildings, people and pollution. It may sound corny, but getting into nature is very fulfilling. Fewer people would be so









uptight if they got out to the country more often."

It was just a few seasons ago when Joyce realized an even more erotic result of riding horses. She explains, "One day while I was riding with a Western saddle, it dawned on me that the inter-action between the saddle and my crotch created an exciting feeling. By sitting forward a bit, it was even better. A nice even trot is best, although a gallop is exciting enough to make me climax. I think that it has stimulated my nerves down there to the point that it makes it easier for me now to turn-on with a man.

"I am basically a one-man woman and it's nice that I've found someone compatible to live with. I'm not sure he'll be my final choice, because I'm not looking forward to marriage for at least five more years anyway."





EROTIC FORUM

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Erotic Forum," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published of approximately 5,000 words in length.

BY TOM FOSTER

Lisa and I first got married when she was sixteen and I was eighteen. We were pretty young, but we were in love a lot and we wanted to live together, so we went ahead and got married anyway. I was working as a mechanic and she got a job as a waitress.

Lisa was a virgin and, on our wedding night, I had a hard time getting inside her. She spread her legs out wide on the bed and I played with her pussy until it got so wet it was making slurping and slushing sounds just with me moving my fingers on it. I could stick one finger in and out of her easy, then it got where I could stick two, and then barely three.

I thought I'd move two fingers in and out of her to loosen her up enough to actually screw her, but then suddenly she started gasping and moaning and writhing her hips around. I realized then she was already coming. This got me very aroused, so I climbed on top of her and forced my cock inside of her. It felt so good I could hardly stand it, and she started

moaning all over again. We went at it four or five times that night and hardly got any sleep.

Lisa is what you'd call a very cute girl. All the guys liked her. She had a slender body with well curved legs and firm tits. She had long, straight brown hair that hung halfway down her back. When she wears panties she has quite a wide expanse that stretches between her thighs, and when she's naked it's surprising what a tremendous bush she has. That is, although her body isn't so big, a large portion of it seems to be made up of her pussy. She has cute, twinkling eyes that men seem to like and they always give her lots of attention. She makes large tips as a waitress, and I never mind if she flirts with her customers.

For the first year of our marriage I think we fucked at least once a night, even during her period. She'd get home a little bit later at night than I did, and when she got there I'd greet her with a kiss, then stick my hand up her dress and slip my finger in her

anxiously, awaiting cunt.

She was always unbelievably wet when she got home from work. When I asked her why, she always told me that it was because she couldn't wait to get home to screw me. Later, though, when we got more honest with other, she admitted that she had gotten aroused at work having sexual fantasies about the men who came there.

Lisa always liked screwing and has always liked men. I don't know why I never got too jealous. I guess it was arousing to me when she was turned on by another guy. It got to where I'd have her describe the things she'd like other men do to her while I fucked her. She'd get so wet her pussy was like a swamp and she'd come many times.

The first couple of years of our marriage were utterly fantastic. We had our problems, of course, like any young couple, but our sex life was terrific. Lisa never once refused me or said she wasn't in the mood. One Sunday morning I went out for a paper

while she was still in bed. When I got back she was lying in the middle of the bed with her thighs wide apart, sticking her fingers in and out of herself.

I'd never seen her do that before and I got very turned-on. My cock popped up, and I screwed her furiously right then and there. Afterwards, I asked her if she masturbated often. She admitted that she'd been doing it since she was about fourteen or so, and she'd make herself come practically every night before going to sleep.

She told me that she even masturbated a lot in public around men by squeezing her thighs together, and that she used to make herself come while sitting at her desk in class at school. She even said that after we'd gotten married she'd continued to masturbate at work now and then, and that she could cause herself to come even while she was standing up talking to a man without his ever knowing anything about it.

Her telling me all of this aroused me tremendously, of course, and I put it to her several times until we both fell asleep from exhaustion.

I guess from balling so much, Lisa's vagina got enormously big, especially for the size of her small body. Her lips would practically open up for my cock and suck me inside her like a vacuum cleaner. She knew how to tighten it up wonderfully, though, and fucking her was always the most fantastic feeling I could imagine.

After we were married a couple of years we moved to a complex apartment building where a lot of other young couples lived. We got to know another couple, Fred and Denise, who were about our same age. One Friday night they asked us down to their apartment.

Denise was about eighteen and had beautiful long blonde hair and long legs. She was a very attractive girl and I could really get off just gazing at her eyes. That particular night she was wearing a casual housedress and as she would comfortably slouch back in her chair, she'd bring her feet up and curl them underneath her.

I noticed that she deliberately chose the chair directly across from me and, before long, I noticed that she wasn't wearing any panties. The hair on her pussy was just as blonde as the hair on her head.

She told me that she even masturbated a lot in public around men by squeezing her thighs together . . .

She didn't make an attempt to hide anything since she let her dress slip all the way to the top of her thighs. Sometimes she'd casually flop her legs open to the point that I could see her pussy lips. I was getting very turned-on and thought I was going to have to jerk-off just watching her.

Lisa saw plainly what was happening, but I couldn't tell what her reactions were. She was wearing pants, so she couldn't do what Denise was doing. I was wondering what Fred thought of it all. He was taking it all in, too, but he seemed to be enjoying it. I think he was getting pretty aroused himself.

We invited them to our apartment the next weekend and this time Lisa wore a dress without panties herself. Denise came wearing a dress again, and the four of us sat on the floor in dim lights, drinking wine and listening to rock music from the stereo. Both girls sat quite casually, and soon Denise's pussy was staring at me quite blatantly. This time Lisa was also showing Fred her big brown bush.

Fred finally said that he and Denise were sexually attracted to Lisa and me and they wondered if we would be interested in exchanging spouses. By this time I was very aroused from watching the way Denise was moving and, by glancing down at my crotch, I saw that I was wet from my already oozing cock.

Lisa and I had talked about what it would be like swapping with another couple, but we'd never seriously discussed actually doing it. When Fred made his suggestion though, I looked at Lisa and she shrugged and said she was willing if I was. I glanced at her pussy and saw that it was glistening in the dim light that fell upon it.

I told them I was willing to try it, too, and then Fred said that I could ball Denise right there on the floor if I wanted, while he and Lisa watched. Then he and Lisa would screw while Denise and I watched.

I'd never fucked while someone watched before, but the idea turned

me on and I was willing to give it a try. Denise gave me a very sexy smile as she slowly removed her dress and inched toward me. She was bigger than Lisa, about three inches taller, with bigger tits, wider hips and longer legs. We started kissing and her tongue flickered excitedly in my mouth. I moved my hands to her tits, which were large and firm in my palms. Her nipples were already very erect. When I pressed in on them with my thumbs and started rotating them, she started making strange grunting sounds. It surprised me that she could become so animalistic so suddenly. The sounds were coming from deep down in her throat, and it was like she'd suddenly lost control of some part of herself.

The mound of her pussy was more protruding than Lisa's, although she didn't have quite as thick a bush as Lisa. Her clitoris stuck out more, though, and when I stroked it she started making those moaning sounds louder than ever.

Her hole wasn't quite as wide as Lisa's, but it seemed to go inside her deeper. I moved my fingers in and out of her for a while and she took all four of them easily. Her cunt had a different feel altogether than Lisa's. Even her juice seemed thicker.

I was a little uptight about fucking her right there in front of her husband and my wife. I was afraid they might have some kind of violent reaction none of us were prepared for. Also, I thought something might be lacking in my performance, or that Denise might be disappointed, or that Fred would laugh at some ineptness, or even that Lisa wouldn't think I was quite so much a man anymore.

None of that happened, though. They were just imaginary fears, like most fears. I settled between Denise's legs, feeling a little uncomfortable, and hoping my dick would slide inside her without any trouble. It did. Ah, it felt delicious! I was surprised at how good it felt. The inside of her vagina was so smooth, so wet and slippery, such a perfect fit. When I pressed in all the way to the hilt, I couldn't reach the end of her the way I could with Lisa.

Suddenly she clamped her long legs around my waist and began humping faster and faster, churning her hips in quite a remarkable fashion considering the position she was in. Lisa

and I had never screwed quite so violently, but it was exciting really cranking up and letting go like that. Then, to my surprise, Denise pulled me over to the side and, without ever letting my cock escape from her, managed to get on top of me.

Lisa had gotten on top quite a few times, but Denise was like an acrobat! The pleasure was beginning to get intense, and I was afraid I was going to come too soon.

I turned my head to see how Lisa was taking all this, and saw that Fred had moved closer to her. He had his hand up under her dress, moving his fingers rapidly in and out of her cunt. Lisa's eyes were half-closed, like she was already on the verge of an orgasm. I hadn't expected seeing them that way and it almost caused me to have an immediate orgasm.

Suddenly Denise moved off me and up towards my face, dragging her very wet pussy along my chest, making kind of a pussy juice trail. She looked down at me, smiling mischievously, bringing her wet blonde mat closer and closer.

Then, as she reached my chin with her clitoris, she pressed against me for a moment, then raised up and lowered her pussy right on top of my face and pressed it down as hard as she could. She started squirming around, mashing her pussy all over my cheeks and my nose and mouth and even up on my forehead. The smell of her was quite strong, but it only turned me on more and more. Finally I stuck my tongue out, licking her, ramming it as far into her cunt as I could. She started squealing in a very peculiar way. She suddenly got much wetter and an overflow of pussy juice began running into my face.

After a while she moved back down to my cock; this time it slid into her so easily it was like fucking a bowl of soup. Finally, she started moaning loudly and thrashing about so vigorously that I knew she was coming. By this time I couldn't hold back anymore myself, so I shot my load into her. As she raised off me I saw my white semen oozing out of her, mixing stickily with her already soaking bush.

We turned to Fred and Lisa, who were half dressed, and he was sticking all his fingers up her. Even though I had just come, I started getting turned-

66 I moved slowly in
and out of her
extremely wet pussy
while we watched Fred
balling Lisa. 66

on all over again. Seeing another man do sex things to my wife was almost more than I could bear.

He laid her back on the floor, still without taking her dress off, then got over her and rammed his huge cock into her mouth the same way Denise had pressed her pussy into mine. Lisa started gagging a little, but she didn't complain. After a little while Fred withdrew it from her mouth and sank it into her cunt.

It was very strange watching another cock go in and out of my wife. And the juice was flowing out of her like a waterfall. It was obvious she was enjoying it immensely. She moved in strange, erratic ways with him she didn't normally use with me, but I figured that was just the way she had

to respond to the way he moved, which was faster and more forceful than the way I screwed. His cock was obviously larger than mine and it seemed to be bringing Lisa much pleasure.

I was getting a hard-on again and I asked Denise if she would like to fuck while we watched them. She agreed that it would be good, so we lay beside them and I moved slowly in and out of her extremely wet pussy while we watched Fred balling Lisa. Lisa seemed to come several times, finally he unloaded inside of her, his semen slurping all around his cock as he continued to plunge in and out. My own pleasure was building up again and soon Denise and I were coming, too.

We all agreed it was quite a nice time and we decided to meet together on a regular basis every weekend or so. When Fred and Denise left that night, Lisa admitted that his large penis had given her a great deal of pleasure, and that she was looking forward to fucking him again. I suppose I should have been jealous or



"You haven't changed much since high school except now you take your teeth out first!"

envious or something, but for some reason I didn't feel this way. I was just aroused and I suddenly wanted to fuck her very badly, even though we'd both been balling all night.

I started screwing her almost immediately. My excitement was heightened knowing that another man's semen was inside of her and this was the reason she was so gooey and wet. We both went a little crazy. We ended up screwing until we just couldn't go on any longer. Lisa's pussy was filled with semen and it ran out onto the bed all night long.

We started swapping with Fred and Denise every weekend. Sometimes we'd watch each other screw and other times we'd go off and be alone. One weekend Lisa spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday night with Fred at his apartment, while Denise stayed with me. Denise and I stayed naked the whole time and fucked every couple of hours or so. I really enjoyed screwing her, and I was turned-on knowing that Lisa was doing the same thing.

Another time the four of us all piled into bed together and fucked and sucked whoever was closest. It was a tangle of arms and legs. I would go out of one pussy into another. Fred's cock and mine once tried to get into Lisa's pussy at the same time, and we made it about halfway in before she said that it was just hurting too much.

This went on for over a year, then Fred and Denise moved out of town. They were almost like part of our family by then and we were very sad they were leaving. The night before they left, we all got together and screwed the entire night, as a way of saying goodbye.

By now Lisa was nineteen and I was twenty-one. Her body was still young and fresh, even though it had been fucked quite a bit over the past three years, especially during the last year when Fred and I had both had her as much as possible.

Since I enjoyed the interest of other men in Lisa, I got her to start wearing short dresses without any panties whenever we went out. If we went to a party or to a theater, Lisa would sit casually so that her dress could rise slightly up her thighs, and then she'd spread her thighs slightly so her thick bush could be seen by men who were around her.

She'd come home
at night with glazed eyes
and a soaked pussy
and immediately
want to fuck me.

Their excitement was obvious, and I'd get very aroused watching them watch her. Lisa would get very turned-on as well, and she'd masturbate while they watched her, sometimes reaching orgasm while she swayed one thigh back and forth sideways, causing a pleasurable pressure against her clitoris. At any rate, she was always extremely wet when we got home and would immediately want to screw. By now she had gotten to the point where she'd come several times anytime we went at it.

After a while Lisa stopped wearing panties altogether. She'd come home at night with glazed eyes and a soaked pussy and immediately want to fuck me. During our sessions, she would tell me how she'd spread her legs in front of a man while sitting on one of the stools during a slow period. Sometimes she said the men would put their hands in their pockets and jerk off while watching her.

Soon she said she wanted to screw some of the men who turned her on at work. The idea excited me, but I wanted to be able to watch. I told her she could do it as long as she'd bring them home.

Every now and then a guy wanted her so much that he agreed to do it in front of me. Some of them were a little embarrassed; others were obviously excited about fucking a woman in front of her husband.

Lisa's favorite was a fellow named Nelson, who was in his late twenties

THE PHILOSOPHER

If you have anything really valuable to contribute to the world, it will come through the expression of your own personality — that single spark of divinity that sets you off and makes you different from every other living creature.

BRUCE BARTON

and who was a very good-looking guy. He said he'd seen Lisa several times at work and had always wanted to fuck her. He didn't mind at all doing it in front of me. In fact, he was the one who insisted that I participate.

Nelson wanted to fuck her dog-style. He had her kneel over me and suck me off while he mounted her from the rear. I stashed my stiff rod into Lisa's hungry mouth. She sucked it in and out with great force like a big, delicious lollipop. The pleasure was so great I could hardly stand it, especially since I could watch Nelson driving in and out of her from behind.

I could hear the slushing sounds of Lisa's pussy while Nelson pumped her hard. Finally he groaned and let his semen flood inside her. She was moaning and gasping very lustfully, like she could hardly stand it.

When Nelson finished, I went behind her myself and continued where he left off. Lisa reached around and pulled his limp cock into her mouth and started sucking it until it got hard again. She made him come again while I came inside her pussy. We all enjoyed ourselves and we saw Nelson several times after that.

One night I was surprised when Lisa brought home a girl of about eighteen. Lisa said she'd started talking to the girl about sex and had finally asked her if she'd come home and fuck me; the girl had agreed. She was very attractive; a lively brunette with bouncy boobs. She had a gushy pussy that clamped like a leech on my prick. I came before she did, though, so Lisa licked her clit and sucked the semen out of the girl's pussy until the girl had her own orgasm. She spent the night with us and I fucked her several times.

It's been over a year now since Lisa started bringing people home. Mostly she brings home men but every now and then she finds a swinging chick. I'm always excited when I hear her talking to someone as she opens the door, because I know there's going to be a good time in store. We're both very happy with our arrangement, and our sex life is tremendously satisfying. It seems very natural to screw other people and share this experience with each other the way we do. As far as I can see, we'll go on like this until we're both just too old to screw anymore.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW

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first started, was ten years ahead of its time, but everyone caught up with it while it stood still. Now it's simply another magazine. The same holds true for the hard-core film industry. The potential that existed in this industry was enormous. But unfortunately, many of the people who got involved were in it for a quick buck and couldn't have cared less about film. You have to care or it'll show in your work. Whatever happened to Alex deRenzy? Whatever happened to Bill Osgo? Whatever happened to Russ Meyer? I used to really admire Russ Meyer. I thought if anyone was going to go places in sexually-explicit films, it would be him. But he went "Hollywood" instead and destroyed his ability to make the kind of film he makes, or made, best. I understand he's finally realized that himself and tried to revert to his old type of picture with large tits and lots of action, but whether or not his old audience is still there remains to be seen. No,

subject matter I choose to do at the time and how I choose to relate it. MGM couldn't understand that, so the offer is still on my desk and MGM is out of business.

HUSTLER: Was it a lucrative offer you thought about for awhile?

DAMIANO: Sure it was, but my reason for turning it down is that had I accepted, the same thing would have happened to me that happened to Russ Meyer. It would have destroyed my integrity as a filmmaker and lost my entire audience for me.

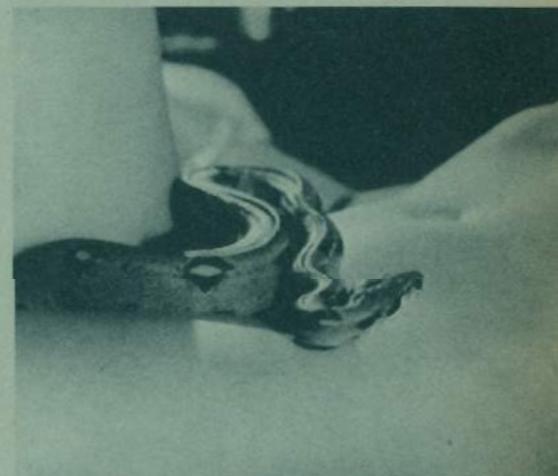
HUSTLER: Can you foresee a time when sexually explicit scenes, such as the ones you're famous for, will become an accepted fact in Hollywood films?

DAMIANO: I think they already have to an extent. Also, I think the fact that not only major critics but a major studio have recognized me as a filmmaker is indicative of the transition I spoke of. It's further proof that pornography is dead — largely because it's respectable now. Mind you, Hollywood has not gone hard-core yet, but look at how explicit the scenes were

ple to sleep. The public can handle it; it's the jerks in government office who can't. Maybe they have to justify their jobs or something, but it seems to be only the government officials who are uptight about sexually-explicit films. And when you have incompetent, uptight officials seeking not only popularity, but vast control over our lives, censorship is the first thing they will institute, just as Hitler did. If we can get rid of the mentalities like that of Richard Nixon, we can defeat the forces that have put people like him into positions of power.

HUSTLER: What are your personal feelings about Nixon?

DAMIANO: Nixon is not a person and I'm very glad he's out of office. He had to be manufactured by a public relations firm. It's my personal belief that he was literally chosen by a larger force to be President because he could be manipulated. Somebody out



Nixon is not a person . . . He had to be manufactured
by a public relations firm.



the picture I see for hard-core films is bleak; the best I can say for the industry is that it's in a state of transition.

HUSTLER: What do you think will replace it? Is it possible that Hollywood, as it has so often, will indulge in its conceits for its own purposes?

DAMIANO: I wouldn't be surprised. MGM called me after I did "The Devil in Miss Jones" — after they'd read some of the reviews, and the film's grosses I might add — and made me a fat contract offer. Jim Aubrey sent his limo over for me; the whole, impressive bit. But in addition to giving me an offer to make films under their auspices, they also gave me a formula. I had to make a film for them which had at least one "hippie" scene and one lesbian scene, among other things. In other words, they were trying to buy what they thought the public wanted and they were telling me what kind of film to make. I don't make films to formula. I write my own films and direct them depending on what

in "Last Tango in Paris." And, even though it was not a Hollywood film in the strictest sense of the word, a friend of mine, who saw Nicholas Roeg's "Don't Look Now" in an uncut version, says that Don Sutherland and Julie Christie actually balled in their bedroom scene. Of course, we only got to see the edited version, 45 seconds short of what was shot, but even so it was pretty damn close to being hard-core.

HUSTLER: Does the fact that major films seem to be willing to become more explicit these days make you happy?

DAMIANO: Sure. I think it's great. Again, it's just a part of the transition I mentioned.

HUSTLER: You're obviously not of the belief that widespread use of sex in major motion pictures will turn us into a country of perverts.

DAMIANO: Obviously not. We know by now that viewing of hard-core sex films has not perverted us in the least, in fact it's putting many peo-

there took a close look at his long-time losing record and said, 'Hey, here's a guy who we can get into office and he'll do anything we say because he's such a loser he can't do anything on his own.' Spiro Agnew was chosen for Vice President for the same reason. Nobody had ever heard of him before the nomination for Veep. But he was dumb and he was dependable and he could be controlled, like Nixon, as a puppet.

HUSTLER: By whom?

DAMIANO: By a force that is very influential in trying to control the government.

HUSTLER: In your opinion who makes up this powerful force?

DAMIANO: Possibly as few as six people: Howard Hughes, Lamar Hunt, Bebe Rebozo and others.

HUSTLER: In what way are they a force?

DAMIANO: It all has to do with tax allowances and oil depletion, which are very important to the people I'm talking about. It's my opinion that both JFK and RFK were killed because they would not go along with the status quo and would have changed the tax structure in this country if they could have.

HUSTLER: Have you any evidence to support such statements?

DAMIANO: Nothing I can show you on paper, if that's what you mean. There are just too many years of too many coincidences and a gut feeling about what's been going on that tells me this. Maybe the best way I can relate in terms of the films is to say that when a film like "Paper Moon" can get busted in Dallas because it depicted the relationship between a young white and a young black, then you know there is some power behind



it. That's not the voice of the people speaking, it's the voice of a selected few who don't want to see certain things in our society change because they have too much to lose.

HUSTLER: Is this the same force which made "Deep Throat" the target for so many busts and had you arrested for the first time in your film-making career last July 17?

DAMIANO: Sure, basically. That arrest was the first time for me. I've been subpoenaed many times before to defend my own films, but never arrested and charged with a "crime." The whole thing was a total set-up by people out to get me.

HUSTLER: How do you know?

DAMIANO: The nature of the arrest. I was nabbed for interstate shipping of obscene materials in Memphis, Tennessee. Now anybody who knows

me, knows that I'm not in any way involved in the shipping of my films. I work for other people and all I do is write and direct my pictures, not mail them. It was a total set-up.

HUSTLER: Does the arrest and court case have you worried?

DAMIANO: You're damn right it does. I'm scared shitless. This is my first time as a defendant and I'm not looking forward to a possible five to fifteen years in the slammer for something I didn't do. That's what scares me about the "force." I've never denied making my films, but I'm not about to pay for something they and I know I didn't do.

HUSTLER: What are you doing to defend yourself?

DAMIANO: I hired Louis Nizer as my attorney.

HUSTLER: Why do you think you, and "Deep Throat" in particular, have become such a target for authorities?

DAMIANO: I'll never know. It certainly is not because it's the only film of its kind around or I the only director making them.

HUSTLER: Could it be that it is be-

The escape was humor. No one had ever successfully mixed sex and humor in a hard-core film before. I was the first to realize it could be done.

HUSTLER: How much did the critical notice help?

DAMIANO: Critical notice has always helped my films. I think it's fair to say that with "Throat" I received critical notice, with "Devil" I received critical acclaim, and with "Memories" I established the fact that "Devil" was no fluke. This type of reaction from legitimate critics, and word of mouth, has always drawn attention to my films and helped tremendously. Of course, as more publicity has been generated, so have more arrests and more court tests.

HUSTLER: Which, in turn, has created even more publicity and more box-office take, right?

DAMIANO: Right. They go hand-in-hand, if you'll excuse the pun. Looking back, "Deep Throat" was in itself nothing. It wasn't really that good of a film. But because it became "camp" and eventually a cause celebre, it

“JFK and RFK were killed because they would not go along with the status quo . . .”

cause it was the first hard-core film to really receive such widespread critical and public acceptance?

DAMIANO: Probably. The "Powers That Be" were probably scared shitless that too many healthy Americans might see the film and like it, which was pretty much the case.

HUSTLER: What was it about "Deep Throat" that made it so popular?

DAMIANO: I think it was simply a case of my realizing that there was an untapped audience out there which was ready for this type of film. And I made the picture to please them. The average film-goer is interested in seeing sex presented on film. I don't think we can deny that. But so often in the past, sex has been presented in a sordid and dirty manner which appealed only to a few men who carried raincoats in their laps. I believed there was a much more diverse audience for sex films, if the film was made properly. What I figured was needed was an escape valve to open the audience up and put them at ease.

became acceptable to a large and varied audience. For the first time, people weren't embarrassed to be seen by their friends leaving a theatre which was showing a pornographic film. In fact, in certain circles and in certain cities, it became almost a necessity to see the film in order to keep up your social status. Businessmen were taking their clients, husbands were taking their wives, girls were taking their boyfriends. It was a film whose time had come.

HUSTLER: That first big film of yours not only became a household word, but it made Linda Lovelace a household name. How did you happen to find her and her talent?

DAMIANO: When we finished that film, the producers objected to the title. "No one will understand it," they said, "it's not catchy enough." "Don't worry," I told them, "Deep Throat" will become a household word" — and it did. I first met Linda when I was shooting an insert for another film. I saw what she could do and how

much she enjoyed it, and it really knocked me out. So I wrote "Deep Throat" especially for her and her unique talent.

HUSTLER: How exactly was she able to take so much when giving head? There have been reports that her throat was numbed with an anesthetic spray.

DAMIANO: Not true. There were no such tricks at all; it's just a talent she has which involves loosening the throat muscles. Probably most women could do the same thing if they really wanted to. But you have to want to do it. Linda does and that's her only secret.

HUSTLER: How was she to work with and why haven't you used her, or any of your other actresses, in a film again?

DAMIANO: I don't use the same people in my films, except behind the cameras where I always have, because after the first screen appearance they tend to become someone else. They become what's written about them rather than their true

she's turned on by what she's doing.

HUSTLER: How seriously do you take filmmaking?

DAMIANO: Very! If I didn't, it would show in my work.

HUSTLER: What filmmakers do you admire?

DAMIANO: I admire Hitchcock a great deal because of his ability to weave a story line so beautifully. I also like Fellini, Truffaut and Polanski.

HUSTLER: Is that why you've appeared in most of your own films in cameo roles — because all four of those directors have a penchant for doing the same?

DAMIANO: Not really. Whenever I've appeared in one of my films, as when I played the man in the cell in "The Devil in Miss Jones," it's because I needed an actor in a hurry and I was the best thing available on short notice.

HUSTLER: When did you decide that it was in the film industry that you wanted to make a career?

DAMIANO: The first time I stepped onto a set, in 1967, was when I knew

on camera, so it's not the big orgy that everybody thinks it is. I would say that the problem of recognizing what you have to work with and making the most of it is the largest problem. I demand that my people work at my level, so I have to be a bit of a diplomat at times. I have to learn how to bend with my actors so they don't lose their essential innocence and believability, for instance, while trying to get a good performance out of them. I also have to face up to the fact that in the hard-core filmbusiness there is very little talent to be found, which leaves the burden on the director. That's where all those years of hanging around sets paid off. About 10 percent of making a film is creativity; the other 90 percent is understanding the craft.

HUSTLER: Do you think most of the sexually-explicit filmmakers today don't have a basic understanding of their craft?



I have to learn how to bend with my actors so they don't lose their essential innocence and believability . . .

selves. They lose a basic innocence and acceptability I'm looking for in my actresses. However, I think Linda's one of the most beautiful people I know. She's filled with contrast. She's honest, shy and sexy — every man's dream. Unfortunately, she's prone to being used, as events since "Throat" have shown. It's too bad because I think maybe her best quality is her total openness and honesty. I've always tried to be totally honest with my actors and I want them to be the same with me. I don't go for sending the limos for them and that shit, which is what happens after some of them become "names." Georgina Spelvin, for instance, is affected, not completely honest. The only time she was honest in "The Devil in Miss Jones" is when she did the lesbian scene. Jody Maxwell, who stars in "Portraits" is like Linda — totally honest and upfront. She has the quality of enjoying giving pleasure to other people in sex and she doesn't try to hide it. It's very obvious from watching her on film that

film was what I wanted. I had been very successful as a hairdresser, you know. I owned three salons and had three Cadillacs, but I was miserable. Once I got involved in pictures in a minor way, I knew it was just a matter of time before I gave up my businesses and worked my way into film.

HUSTLER: Was it difficult for you to begin?

DAMIANO: Well, I spent a lot of time hanging around sets and locations picking up as much technical knowledge as possible. And, at the time, the only way for me to break into the industry was to begin in the "nudies" or soft-core.

HUSTLER: Now that you've advanced well beyond the soft-core flick, what are the types of problems you run into in directing a sexually explicit film?

DAMIANO: Probably the same types of problems Alfred Hitchcock runs into. Things are not all fun and games on the set of a sexually explicit film. They're pretty much straight forward and serious. All the fucking is done

DAMIANO: Of course they don't. That's why the industry is slipping so badly. I admired "Behind the Green Door" as a piece of eroticism, for instance, but as a film from a technical standpoint, it was terrible.

HUSTLER: Speaking of quality, how do you answer the often-made charges that boxoffice prices for hard-core films are too high and the pay to actors too low, leaving the moneymen as the only people coming out ahead in the game?

DAMIANO: Justifying the high ticket prices is easy. I think they're absolutely in line because of the amount of legal fees that must be paid and the harassment the makers and distributors and exhibitors have to suffer. We should receive more money for our product as a form of "hazard

pay." It's a shame that this is true in a so-called free country, but it is.

HUSTLER: And the pay to actors?

DAMIANO: Well, they don't have to ball anyone to get a part, and most make about \$100 to \$150 a day—which is more than they would make in any other occupation they might be qualified for. Of course they can feel exploited, but so can a secretary. In addition, most of the actors who make hard-core films are not interested in acting as a career or they'd be taking acting lessons. Most do it because they want to; no one's twisting their arms to make fuck films. Another thing: Once a film becomes a hit, it's usually the actor or actress who gets all the attention. Well, I've got news for you. A good film is made in the editing room, not in front of a camera. It's not the actors who deserve the credit for a good film, but the editor. You don't give your compliments to

long overdue and more than welcome. And at the risk of sounding like a corny sex filmmaker, I'd like to go on record as saying that, despite the obvious problems we have here, the United States is still a stabilizing force of freedom in the world today. It's just possible that some of the recent censorship activities are nothing more than a parting shot from the force I spoke of earlier. Watergate will prove to be a very cleansing experience and we've already seen many of our earlier prejudices broken down. The one-time radicals of the 1960's have reaped a great deal of success and now have moved into the mainstream of American life. I don't even see pornography as an important issue any longer.

HUSTLER: What about family life? Do you see it changing, or breaking down as a result of our changing mores?

DAMIANO: Not at all. Despite all the liberal talk, I truly believe that people still want a one-to-one relationship. Now the legal form of the family may change, but I don't think it will in its

DAMIANO: The force is losing its grip. That's why Nixon is no longer President. The key to this is good investigative reporting and a totally free press. Never before have we had such a need for truth-telling.

HUSTLER: Can you foresee the public, perhaps out of apathy, falling back into its old ways?

DAMIANO: The public could always lapse back into its own ignorance, sure. But that would undo all the progress we have made in recent years and I don't think it will happen. We now have relative justice in the streets, and it's just a matter of time before the conflicts we are now going through in society are ironed out. The important thing is to give the American people the freedom of choice in every aspect of life—from pornographic films to public officials. If you don't have at least two sides to choose from, you've got propaganda, not truth. That's why it's important we have good and unobstructed investigative reporting, and that's also why it's important we get rid of the



the waiter if he brings you a good meal, do you? No, you send your compliments to the chef in the kitchen where it's all put together.

HUSTLER: Speaking of kitchens, how did your wife and family take to your new career and the fact that you travel around the country with your actresses promoting your films?

DAMIANO: They know it's a business.

HUSTLER: What are your personal feelings about some of the new freedoms in this country?

DAMIANO: Despite the problems I've had with censorship, I'm very optimistic. I don't know what will happen to me in my court tests, but I do have great hope for the future if we don't close off our freedom of expression. I think some of the changes that have taken place in the past five years are

basic nature. The important thing is that in the past we all took certain actions, like getting married and raising a family, and never really understood why. The difference today is that young people, especially, understand themselves better than ever before and, until we understand ourselves, in effect free ourselves, we can't be free as a society.

HUSTLER: So you remain optimistic about our future. What do you see as the key to this optimism?

DAMIANO: My belief is that open expression will finally win out. Today, more than any other time, we need freedom of speech. I have a great deal of faith in the public, and if they're given a choice and told the truth, I don't think there is a politician alive who will dare take the public for granted.

HUSTLER: How do we make certain the public gets to make a choice if there is such a powerful force at work in this country?

"Nixons" in our society. If we can stop the Nixons and what his kind stand for, we have a great deal to look forward to.

HUSTLER: How does this all relate to film?

DAMIANO: Film is very much a part of the way in which we all think. Look at how long Walt Disney perpetuated the myth of the happy ending in his sappy films, which in turn inspired other sappy films starring John Wayne. John Wayne is Walt Disney without animation, by the way. Anyways, life just doesn't always have a happy ending.

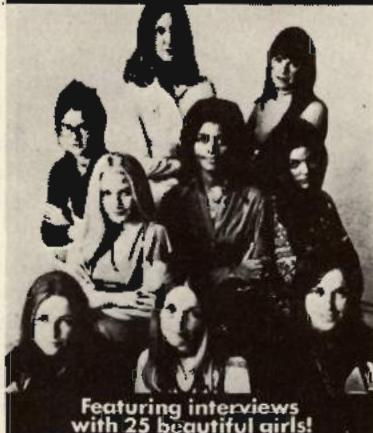
HUSTLER: Ergo?

DAMIANO: Ergo, if Walt Disney hadn't helped people think that they were supposed to be happy all the time, they wouldn't get so fucked up when they realize they aren't happy. But things have changed. Yesterday we had only Walt Disney to choose from. Today we have Walt Disney and me; we now have a choice.

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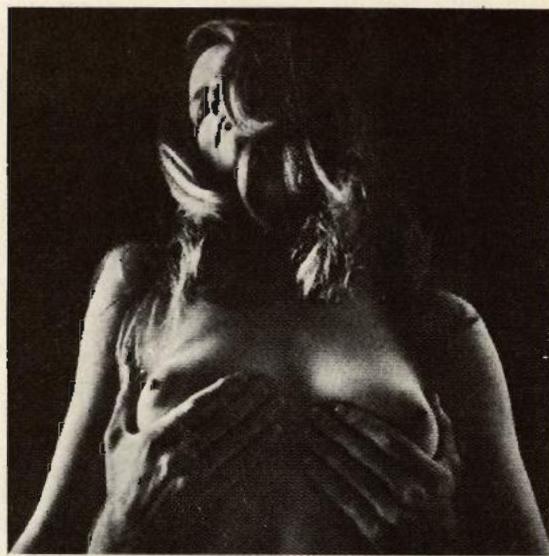
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THE SURROGATE

continued from page 48.

"Well," Hal responded, "you don't have to worry about that, Alice. You don't mind first names, do you? Under the circumstances, it's sort of funny to have to call each other 'Mrs. Perkins' and 'Mr. Tomlinson.' Look, I'm a very discreet bachelor; it comes naturally. I don't mess in other people's lives unless they want me to. You can trust me, either way."

A look of relief replaced the anxious frown on her face. "Thank you," she said. "I'm not very good at being open about things. I mean, it's very hard for me to talk . . . to anyone."

Hal felt that there was something very strange going on here, but what it was eluded him. "Listen," he said "I don't know if you can, but sometimes it helps to unload your problems to someone who's outside the situation. You sure don't seem to be able to talk to your husband about it. I'm no marriage counselor, but I've learned a lot about what makes women feel lousy and I might be able to help."

Alice's hand was shaking as she accepted the cigarette he offered her. "Thank you," she said. "I think that

I could trust you, but . . . well, I've never been able to talk about it, to anyone . . ."

"You know," he said, "a couple of days ago I was talking to a really sharp old guy who owns the sloop I was crewing on. We get along great, and I told him about a dream I've always had about owning a big boat, a 50-foot Island Trader ketch. But then I realized how crazy it must have sounded, so I said I knew it would never happen; I'd never own any \$75,000 dream boat. Well, he gave me one of those funny, old-man looks and said, 'Kid, the reason I own this boat is because I learned that the only answer to all of our Nevers is Now.' Alice, does that make any sense? Could you let go of that Never just once?"

She had been listening intently. "Yes," she said, "I could! It's just that I'm so ashamed . . . but, if you think it would help, would you mind?"

"Of course not," he replied, "just go ahead." He could see that she was determined to go through with it, but that it was costing her a great deal of effort.

"From the time that I was a little girl, I've been told that I'm beautiful. And . . . I guess it must be true. But when I was fourteen and starting to . . . to develop, everything changed. You see, by the time I was sixteen I was not only fully developed, but terribly over-developed! Because my . . . uh . . . bosom was so large, I wasn't just another beautiful girl. When men looked at me, all they saw were my . . . breasts! I guess I should have known how to handle it, but I didn't. I became terribly self-conscious and I still am. I can't help it. I can't even look at . . . them in the mirror. As for anyone else really seeing them, impossible! Fred, my husband, tries to understand. Of course we . . . you know . . . make love, but I have to have the lights out and even then I always keep my breasts . . . covered. I just can't expose myself. I'm so uptight about it that I don't enjoy . . . sex with Fred. It makes us both miserable and I don't know what to do about it!"

The pent-up tears finally overflowed. While she was talking, Hal had the feeling that she must be the victim of some strange delusion because, as far as he could see, she was by no means top-heavy! The thick wool sweater made it difficult to judge, but he could see that, if anything, she

was somewhat flat-chested. Still . . . There was something odd about her figure; something that just didn't fit into any of the categories by which he judged girl's bodies.

"You know, Alice," he said, "I can understand why you might be embarrassed to talk about something as personal as your sex life. But I really can't understand why you should be ashamed of your body just because you have big breasts. I mean, what's wrong with that? I have a feeling that you've exaggerated so long that you really don't know any more. Now, let me ask you a blunt question; I think I can help you if you give me straight answers, okay?" With a resigned, almost relieved expression, she nodded her assent. "Alright," he said, "aside from size, is there anything unusual about your breasts?"

"No," came the faint reply, "they . . . they're alright."

"Nothing abnormal? You know what? You're lucky enough to be in that not-so-large percentage of girls with perfectly shaped breasts, and big ones at that! I just can't see what's bothering you."

"I tried to tell you," she exclaimed impatiently. "They're not just big; they're huge! Laughable!"

"I don't buy that," he answered. "How many people have seen you naked and laughed at your breasts?"

"Well . . . no one, I guess," she said. "Only my doctor has seen them and . . . you're right . . . he didn't say they were too big."

"Okay," he said, "we've established the fact that there's nothing wrong with them, except to you. And I really think, from what I see, that you're making mountains out of . . . Well, I just don't see a big bosom under that sweater at all!"

"But they are big! I . . . I conceal the size . . . you know . . ."

It dawned on Hal that this was what had been bothering him all along. The natural symmetry of her body was distorted by some sort of restraint on her breasts. Suddenly, he knew that there was only one way now of getting at the truth. "Alice, listen carefully," he said. "You're never going to give up this obsession with your 'bigness' by hiding like this. Let me be the judge; I guess that I'm about the best judge that you'll ever meet, so take advantage of that fact. Trust me, and walk over to that mirror." As if in a trance, she moved across the room to

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stand in front of the full-length mirror that covered the inside of his open closet door. "Alright," he said. "Without thinking about me, or Fred, or anyone else, strip. No, don't hesitate, just do it!" Hal's authoritative tone apparently had the effect intended and, as if in a slow motion dream, she slipped off her shoes, slacks and panties. But then she stopped, a bewildered look on her face. "Okay," he said. "That was Step One. Now, look in the mirror. Tell me what you see." She raised her eyes to the mirror, blushed and looked down again. "No, keep looking. I mean it. Now, what do you see? She did as he asked but this time a little smile played across her lips.

"Well," she began, "I guess I see a half-naked girl."

"Okay," Hal said, returning her smile, "you can also see you're not really embarrassed because there's nothing to be embarrassed about. As a matter of fact, you know as well as I do that you've got a lot to be proud of!"

"Yes," she responded, "I guess . . . It's silly, I know, but it's so hard to be completely honest about yourself. But . . . you're right. I really do have a beautiful body, don't I?"

"Oh no!" he answered. "You tell me! Do you?"

She gave him a look that revealed her relief at being able, at long last, to make the admission. "Yes! I do! It's all . . . very . . . sexy, I guess . . . Oh, I feel . . . strange . . ."

"How?" he asked as he watched her running her hands, with hesitant bird-like flutters, over the exposed surfaces of her body. "What do you mean?"

"Well . . ." she responded, "I feel all warm . . . you know . . . relaxed . . . but sort of . . . tingly! It's so strange; I've never felt anything like this before." Now her fingers were running through her pubic hairs, brushing the top of her vagina.

Hal laughed. "Now I think I'm beginning to understand. You really don't know, do you? Well, it's simple: for the first time in your life you've allowed yourself to see and feel how sexy you really are. You've turned yourself on!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Really? You mean . . .?"

"Yes," he replied, "I mean that you're letting go of years of inhibi-

tions. In other words, you've just discovered how great it is to feel sexed up!"

The tips of her fingers were, by now, irresistably drawn to the glistening clitoris that they had exposed in their exploration of awakened erogenous zones too long dormant. "You . . . you're right, again!" she laughed. "It is good, so good. And I am sexy and I like that!"

"You must have been so uptight," he said, "that you were even afraid to masturbate. Not even that pleasure, Alice. Do you want to go on with this? Is it really starting to make sense to you?"

"Yes," she answered, "for the first time, it is. I just never gave myself a chance, and . . . I'd better go ahead now, while I still have the nerve."

"Alright," he said, "take off the rest and let's see if what I suspect is true. Don't turn away! You've got the momentum; keep it going. Don't think about it. Just do it!"

He could see that she was on the edge of panic. But her unwilling hands obeyed, slowly pulling the sweater over her head. She wasn't wearing a

bra; instead, her chest was firmly wrapped in a binder. Putting down the sweater, she stood there, hands rigidly at her sides.

"Alice," he said, "it's now or never. If you quit now . . ." With a desperate but determined expression, she looked him in the eye, reached behind her, rapidly undid the pins and let the binder fall to the floor. The breasts that sprang forth from their imprison-

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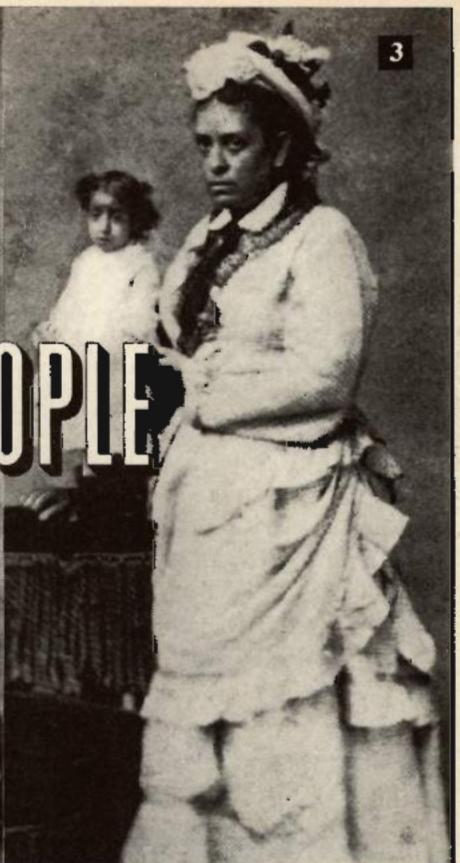
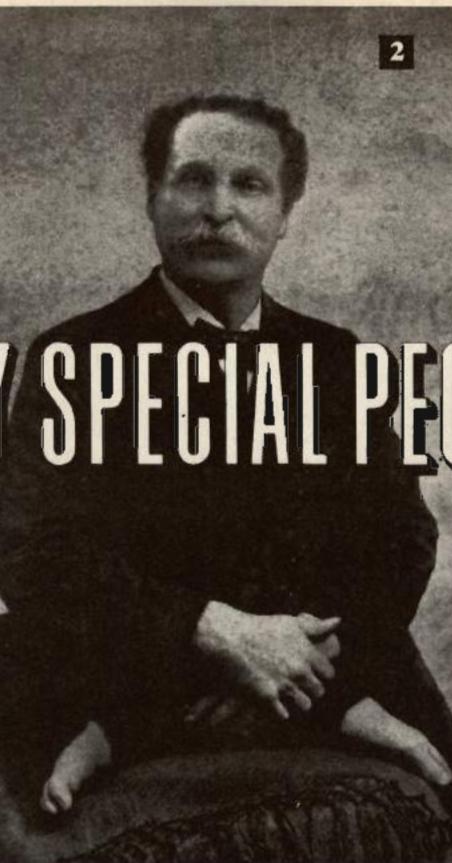
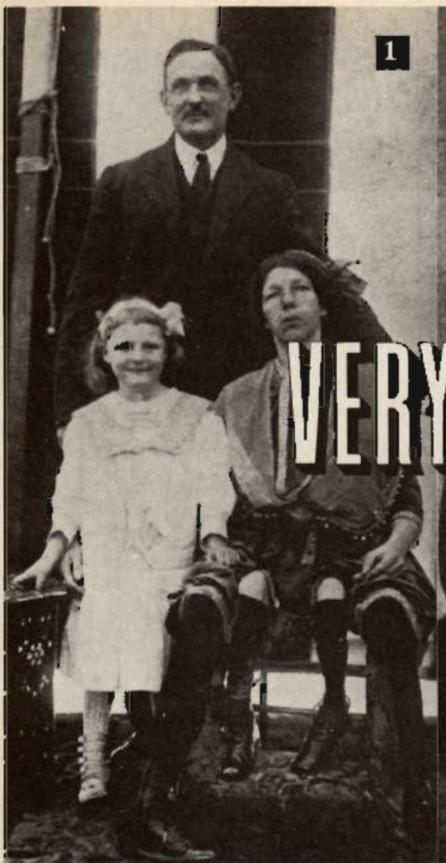


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ment completely astounded him. For a few seconds he stood there gaping, too stunned for words. He struggled to regain the composure of the man who thought that he had seen everything a girl had to offer.

"Baby," he said with awe in his voice, "you're right! Look at them! Now, there's one helluva huge pair of breasts! Absolutely no denying that! But you know what? I've seen bigger!" He laughed at the incredulous look on her face. "Yes, bigger even than these. But big doesn't mean ugly or beautiful, believe me! I've made it with maybe two or three older chicks who had bigger ones than yours, but they were ugly, sagging, all pulled out of shape by their own weight. But you . . . crazy! I mean, would you believe that they're perfect? If they were just a little bigger, then you're right, you'd be a freak. But you're not. This fantastic chest-full is just inside the limits! Ashamed? Embarrassed? Afraid to let anyone see these? You should be proud!"

Hal could see that his enthusiastic appreciation had exactly the right effect on her. Her fists slowly unclenched, the rigidity went out of her back and a look of almost pathetic relief flooded her face. "You . . . you mean," she said softly, "that I'm not a freak?"

"Of course not! Use your eyes. Be proud, I tell you."

As she looked at her breasts in the mirror, an expression of dawning, shy delight lit her face. Her hands, comparatively small, caressed the enormous smooth-skinned globes. Her fingers returned again and again to nipples that quickly responded to the increasingly urgent stimulation until they stood straight out from the swaying fullness behind them. As if suddenly reminded of another pleasure, she slid one hand down to her clitoris, which she caressed at the same time. This double stimulation caused her whole body to respond with rippling quivers of pleasure. "Oh, Hal, I . . . I love it! I feel so free. I can say it now: I have a beautiful, sexy body. And it's very exciting to have you watch me!"

Hal grinned at her. "Right. Say it again. Tell me. Still think they're too big?"

"No! They're . . . wonderful! See?" Turning toward him, she put one hand under each breast and held out their overflowing abundance toward him.

"Big, huge, enormous, gigantic and just right! It's so good to be able to say it, and show it, and . . . Oh . . . I'm making myself so excited! In my head and down . . . here! Oh, I think . . . I need . . . I'd better stop!"

"No Alice," he said gently, "this isn't the time to stop; it's time to begin."

Hal held his arms out to her, and she ran to him, throwing her arms around his neck and pressing her trembling body close to him. Their kisses rapidly went from tenderness to a lip-crushing intensity. There were no words now. They sank to the carpet and, even as Hal pulled off his clothes, their hands and mouths retained contact. The strength of her response surprised him, but his experience told him to let her go. He soon found himself on his back, her moist pubic area pressing down on his enflamed erection while she dropped, first one then the other nipple down into his eager mouth. In a delirium of sucking, he didn't even mind that he was almost suffocated by the ripe fruit that covered his face. When she could stand it no longer, she raised up high, grasping him so that his rigid manhood stood straight up. Then she pushed all the way down the length of him, transfixing herself. He knew that his length and thickness must have caused pain, but he could see that it was a pain that she welcomed and quickly transferred into an overriding pleasure as he began the rite of thrusting. The moment that he probed deep, reaching the center of her passion, she climaxed; her face contorted by the violence of this first surrender to the ultimate satisfaction of her need. For a few moments, she remained collapsed on top of him, her heart beating wildly, as his hands pulled her quivering bottom close to him. But then her need returned; the need for more and better. Slowly, her mouth in full sensuous bloom, she sat straight up and raised her pulsating wetness to the very tip of him. She hung there, a faraway look in her eyes, one hand caressing his taut length beneath her while the other played provocatively with the silken spheres that hung above him. And then, with an animal moan, she suddenly dropped all the way down, so hard that he winced at the force with which her pubis met his. This time as he probed up high, searching even deeper than before, she remained

upright, inviting him to view the full glory above him, rising and falling, incredible breasts swaying, bouncing, rocking at every upward thrust. He tried to resist but he could feel his piston pressure demanding release. He managed to hold it back, until her wild cries told him she was only one piercing thrust from her orgasm. They exploded together, reaching down into the depths of their passion, over and over, until there was no more. They went limp, gasping in each other's arms.

That, Hal reflected happily, was how it all began. Of course, she had come back for more and he had introduced his eager pupil to every variation he knew. There were no more fights downstairs. Whenever Hal met Fred in the building, he was amused to see the perpetual grin on the happy husband's face. At Hal's urging, Alice consulted a plastic surgeon. She took in stride the doctor's advice that she should have periodic surgery to strengthen the tissues that were under such strain. She was delighted that she would be able to retain her remarkable shape. Having a generous nature, she revealed her happy double life to a newly acquired friend, another young wife who had just moved in down the hall from her. Sally was Alice's physical opposite; slim, boyish figure and page-boy blond hair. Alice told him that Sally was the victim of a frigidity that was threatening her marriage and brightly suggested that he could "do something about her, too."

"After all," she said one morning as she sat nakedly cross-legged with a cup of coffee perched precariously on one knee, "you made me, in more ways than one! Why not her? Let's face it, you really are a perfect sur... , sur... ,"

"Surrogate?" he prompted. "A person who takes another's place?"

"Yes, that's it. A surrogate husband! From what she told me, her husband is never going to be able to help her learn how to turn-on. But you could do it. Just like with me and I loved it. Still do, my secret surrogate!"

"But," Hal objected, "what happened with us was just an accident. I can't just walk up to her and ask her if she wants me to help her with her sex life!"

"Of course not," Alice replied, "but I'm sure that I could talk her into it,

given enough time. At least let me back. Her relief at finding that her "frigidity" was quite imaginary was so great that Hal had to make it clear that he was only acting as a surrogate, not a substitute. Within a few weeks, however, Hal noticed another grinning husband in the building and Sally's visits were limited to those times when her husband was not available to quench the fire that Hal had so successfully lit. Alice was very proud of him.

Although he had reservations, Hal finally agreed. Alice was almost immediately successful, at least in convincing Sally that she had very little to lose since her husband had just threatened to leave her.

Sally, as Hal found out that first morning, had been so thoroughly indoctrinated by Alice that it didn't take very long to find the key to turn her on. He quickly discovered that she had never experienced oral sex. The instant that he touched his tongue to her, all of her resistance gave way to a flood-tide of passion too long held

During the months that followed, it seemed inevitable that Sally should encourage him to help Tricia, and that Alice should plead the seriousness of Fran's predicament, and that Tricia

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should gratefully refer Polly to him. And so the time passed with a succession of needy young brides until Hal lost count. Somehow, Alice managed to keep track of everything, cheerfully playing the role of "agent" to a very contented surrogate.

And that was another reason for missing her. Six months ago, Fred had inherited a large sum that allowed him to buy the big house out here in Forestdale, and Hal had since seen so little of Alice that he found that his "affairs" were becoming extremely complicated. He had called her several times during the last month, but while still her charming self, she had been oddly evasive. As a matter of fact, he realized, he hadn't seen any of the young

brides during the last few weeks. He wondered whether he was losing his touch or whether their marital relations had just improved to the point that he was simply no longer needed. Well, there were still the girls at the yacht club . . .

With a start, Hal realized that it was five after nine. With enticing mental pictures of Alice's superb breasts to spur him on, he paced off the distance in a few minutes and arrived, breathing hard, at her doorstep. There was an envelope sticking out of the mailbox. The typed message inside was brief: "Come in. The door's unlocked." Although Hal thought it strange for Alice to leave him such an obvious note, he went in quickly,

closing the door behind him as his eyes tried to adjust to the surprising darkness inside.

"What's going on?" he muttered. "Alice, why the dark? Where are . . ." But he stopped short, blinded by the brilliance of the light that hit him from a large lamp. Totally confused, he started to back up toward the door. Then, through half-shut eyes, he saw that the room was filled with men!

"Hold it!" an authoritative voice commanded. "That's better. Just relax, surrogate." Hal's eyes opened wider as he realized that the man standing by the piano was Fred. His mind became a panicked jumble of thoughts when he recognized Sally's husband, and Tricia's, and Fran's, and Polly's, and . . . "That's right," Fred said, "We're all here. Twenty-eight of us."

It was all too clear now. He had been lured into a fatal trap, and by Alice at that! Facing the room full of grim-faced men, he tried to anticipate what they were going to do. Was he going to be reduced to a bloody mess by twenty-eight pairs of fists and feet? Murdered or even worse . . . castrated! His heart raced wildly as he realized that this last was the most likely, the traditional punishment in store for him.

Even as he tried to calculate the chances of escape, Fred moved across the room to stand in front of him. "Listen," Fred said in a level voice, "and listen carefully. We've put a lot of time and thought into this and we don't want anything to go wrong. Let him have it, Jim." Fred's calm tone made Hal's blood run cold. He knew the outcome now: they were going to do a neat, thorough job on his manhood! "Before you leave," Fred continued, "we want to give you something to remember us by." Hal watched helplessly as Sally's thick-set husband came toward him.

"For you. From us," Jim said as he thrust an envelope at Hal. "Take it, will you?" he growled. "Everything's been taken care of, lover. It's all in there. You've got exactly twenty-four hours to get out of here, for good!"

In a state of shock, Hal found himself led out the door and into a waiting cab. He was vaguely aware of the group of men on the pavement as the driver pulled away. The shock lasted for several minutes before he was able to ask where he was being taken.

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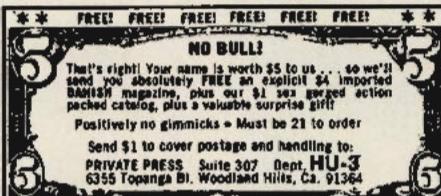
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"Pier Twelve, mister," the driver answered. "At least that's where that guy paid me to drive you and all that luggage they loaded into the trunk. Hey, what's the matter? You sick or something?"

Hal's hands were shaking so hard that he had difficulty tearing open the bulky envelope. His mind found it almost impossible to believe the contents. First, a deed in his name to a 51-foot Island Trader ketch. Next, a packet of blue-chip stock certificates, also in his name. Then a nautical chart with a course carefully plotted 300 miles down the coast. Finally, a note from Alice:

Hal,

Although I'm writing this, it's really from 28 grateful wives. We just couldn't keep the whole thing a secret forever. We tried to talk our husbands into leaving things as they were but, of course, they wanted us all to themselves! So, I guess we just have to let you "sail off into the sunset!" As you can see, our men chipped in to make sure that you won't ever need to return. But do write and keep me abreast (!) of the Surrogate in his new home.

Alice

(I've made arrangements for you when you arrive. Her number is 324-4017. I'm also the one who picked your crew; I think you'll find them to be very competent.)

As the ketch reached out to sea, Hal was still in a daze, his hand refusing to accept the reality of the tiller it held. But he knew it was all real when one of the crew reached past him to stow some line; her naked hip brushed his arm. This was Sarah. Stretched out on the deck above him, the sun warming her nudity, Julie gave him a lazy smile. Completing the crew was Alice's particular choice, Laura. With her long black hair flowing in the stiff breeze, she was holding onto the rigging, leaning far out over the bow where her magnificent breasts thrust nakedly into the spray. Yes, Alice had certainly seen to it that his crew was competent. And she had to be the one who chose the name boldly lettered on the ketch's stern: "Merry Wives."

"Hey," Julie called down to him, "a penny for your thoughts, lover."

"Well, I was thinking," Hal grinned, "that there couldn't be a better way to be run out of town!"

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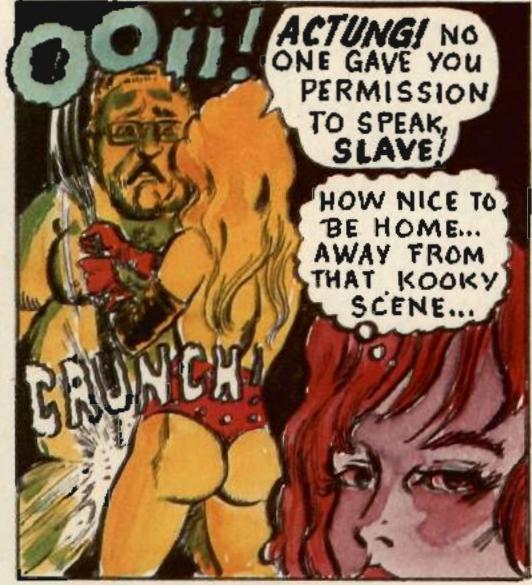
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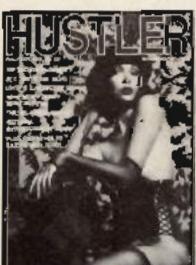
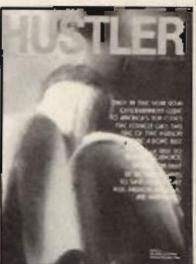






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- **THE MITCHELL BROTHERS**—Jim and Art Mitchell are currently the hottest and perhaps most prodigious producers in the porno movie business, having created more than 200 sex films. Their latest, "Sodom and Gomorrah," threatens to be the most successful ever. The Mitchells let it all hang out in this candid interview for HUSTLER.
- **SEX PLAY**—The first in a series of articles prepared especially for HUSTLER to help the Hustler give his women sexual satisfaction and excitement every time. What better way to be prepared?
- **"SODOM & GOMORRAH"**—The story behind the scenes of the biggest budgeted (\$530,000) porno film ever to be produced. A pictorial tale of the corruption that befell the ancient Biblical cities which were destroyed because of their wickedness —by Charles Fracchia.
- **"THE FAIR IN AFFAIR AIN'T FAIR"**—A humorous story of a man who has taken too much shit from his liberated wife, resulting in a most unique and amusing "affair" with a sensuous barmaid from a local pub — by Thom McEldowney.
- **KINKY KORNER**—Formerly known as Erotic Forum, the title was changed because of our readers' kinky responses. This month a definitely "kinky" young wife keeps her husband guessing where they'll be screwing next —by Ralph Hardwell.

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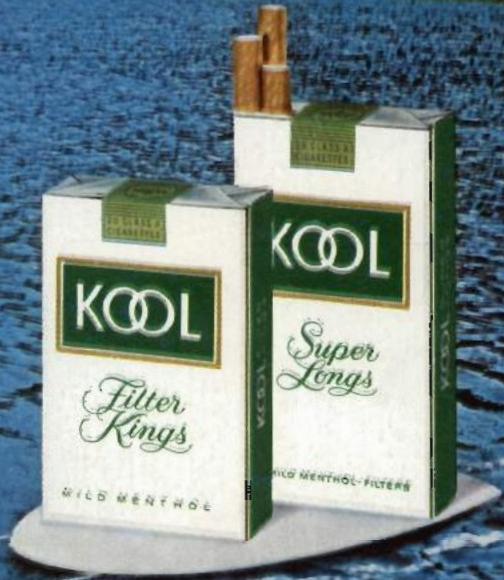
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